

ANIMAL STORIES FOR CHILDREN



BESSE CAHOONE NEWTON

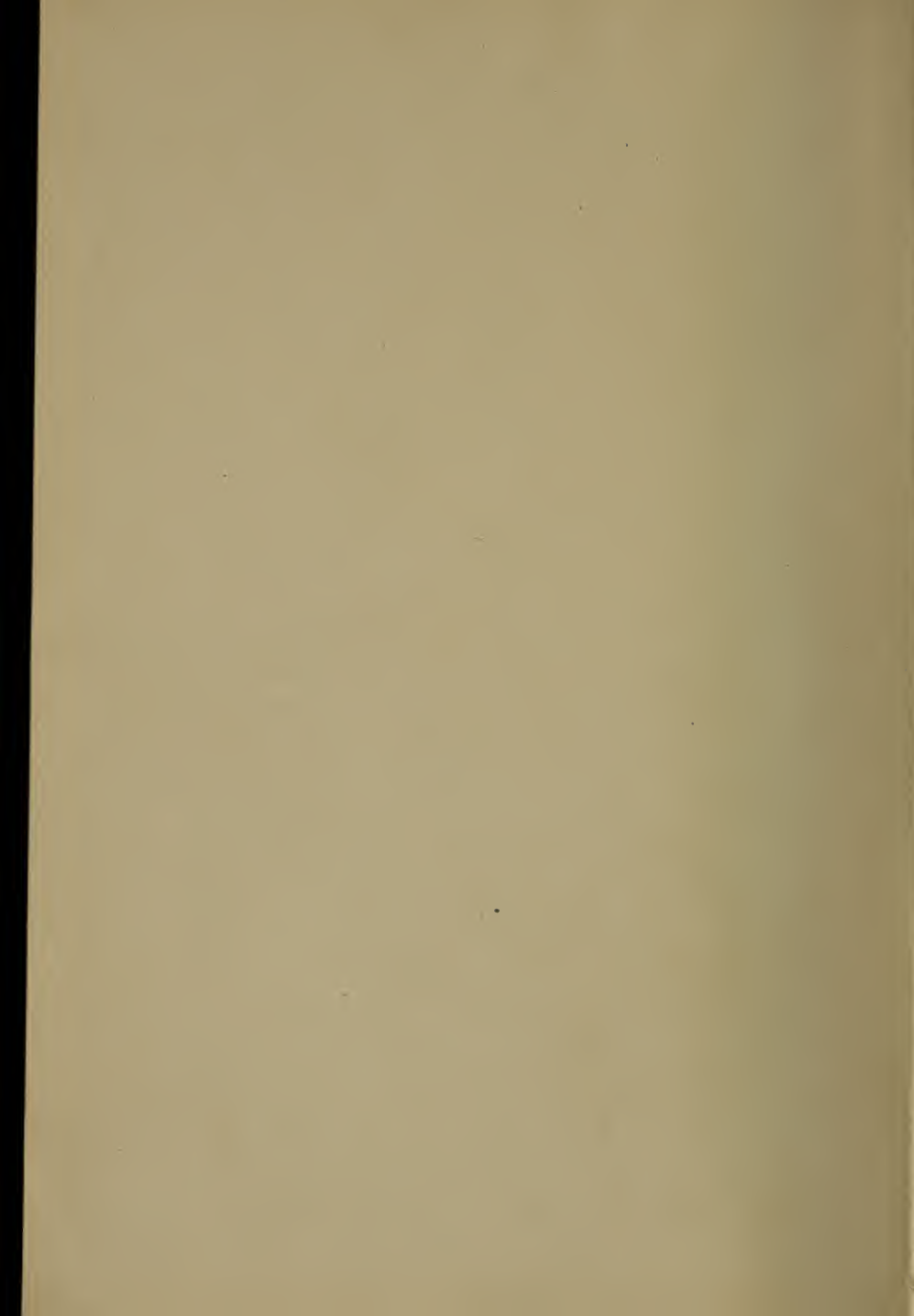


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ANIMAL STORIES
FOR CHILDREN



THE CHILDREN CAME OUT WITH RIBBONS.

ANIMAL STORIES FOR CHILDREN

BESSIE CAHOONE NEWTON

11

Illustrated by
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To the Memory
of
My Father
Dudley Newton

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Animal Stories

For Children

The Little Runt Pig

ONCE upon a time there was a family of little pigs, nine of which were just as fat as little pigs should be. They were all just alike, all but the tenth little pig who was so much smaller than the rest that you could hardly find him sometimes when the family lay in a heap sunning themselves.

Now this little pig was unhappy because he couldn't get his share of the food. The others would push and crowd him out until the poor little creature would say, "I don't believe there's a place for me in this whole great big pen."

One day he spoke to his mother, "Mother, when am I going to begin to grow?"

"You are growing all the time," said Mrs. Pig, taking her snout out of the mud to look at him carefully, "the others were no bigger than you are now when they were born."

"But I can't catch up with 'em," said the poor little creature with a sad squeal. "You see they keep on growing, too—and they call me 'Runt.'"

"Stop crying," said Mrs. Pig, "get to work and forget it. If you can make it a name worth having they will forget why they ever called you by it."

Runt stopped crying and began to listen.

"You can make up for your lack of size by being very clever. It often happens that people with very small bodies have big minds,—and that is the great point. You are far from being stupid, my piggie wiggie wee, and I am sure that something will happen before long to make you a very happy little pig."

That very afternoon the boarders came down to see the pigs "feed." The hired man poured the skimmed milk into the trough which ran across the length of the pen while the pigs squealed and grunted so loudly that they could be heard way up at the house. They pushed one another and crowded each other out until it seemed as if they would eat one another by mistake.

Runt had no chance with the rest. He stood way down at the bottom of the trough and then was crowded out entirely.

"See those people," thought Runt looking up at the faces peering over the pen, "maybe they have something to eat with them; I'll go and see."

So the forlorn little pig looked up at the visitors while the rest of the family gobbled down the food in the trough.

"Poor little thing, he must be hungry," said one boy, "here, wait a minute, Piggy, I've got some apples in my pocket."

Runt caught the delicious fruit as it came over the wall of the pen.

"I like it better than skimmed milk," thought Runt, eating as fast as he could for fear his brothers and sisters would take it from him.

Just then the pigs smelt the apples and came up grunting and squealing while the milk ran from their dirty snouts.

"Go away, you horrid, great, big, nasty, dirty thing," said the boy with the apples, "you can't have any of these apples. I gave them to the little pig because he is cunning."

That night Runt went to sleep a happy little pig and dreamed of a pen so full of apples that there was no room for a pig in it.

The next day the boarders came down again to see the pigs.

"I'd like to have that baby pig for a pet," said one of the children. "He isn't any bigger than a dog and I want something to play with."

Runt opened his slits of eyes in surprise.

"If I could talk like a boarder I think I would ask them to take me right off," he said to himself.

"Runt," said his mother, calling him over to the other end of the pen, "I have some good news for you. The farmer has told the children that they may take you up to the house for a pet. That isn't a common thing to have happen to you when you are a pig. You must let them do with you just as they will. Boarders are very stylish,—first of all they will put you into a tub of water."

"Must I drink the whole of it?" asked Runt, "I'll try."

"No, you must let them wash you with it: of course it will not be pleasant and no pig could wish it, but it is a part of their plan. Then you are to wear a ribbon—"

"What's that?" cut in Runt.

"It's some kind of a prize," answered Mrs. Pig.

"What else will they do to me?"

"They will give you the best of everything to eat, but they will not allow you to wallow in the mud which is one

of the greatest joys a pig can know. You see your life is not to be that of a common, ordinary pig," said Mrs. Pig with an air of pride.

Runt squealed with delight.

"My poor little piggikins, I must tell you that although I am going to lose you, I am glad to know that you are to be so happy. Your life may be longer than that of your big brothers and sisters," added Mrs. Pig with a long sigh.

That very afternoon Runt was taken out from the pen and carried up to the back yard where there was a tub of water waiting for him.

"I don't like to drink all over," spluttered the frightened little fellow as the water got into his eyes and ears and snout.

The farmer's wife came out with a brush and scrubbed Runt until it seemed to him as if all his skin were being taken off. Then the children came out with ribbons which they tied to his tail and around his short, fat neck.

"Isn't he pretty?" asked one little boy.

"He's pretty, but he still smells 'piggy,'" said a little girl. "Wait a minute and I'll see if I can't find some of the violet powder we shake on the baby after her bath."

Runt stood as quiet as a woolly lamb while the children fussed over him and shook the white powder all over his clean little body.

"Isn't he lovely and clean?" asked the children all in one voice as they watched Runt very carefully.

Runt was very much pleased and tried to think how he could get a look at himself.

"There's a puddle right out here," said the wise little

pig, "and I'm just going to peek in. It looks back at the sky so I don't see why it shouldn't look back at me."

Runt looked in and saw himself, as clean and pink as a new-born baby with ribbons the color of the sky.

"I'm glad I'm little," he said to himself, "because if there had been any more of me they never would have been able to get me clean all over."

From that day on this little pig's life was a very happy one for the children played with him from morning until night. At first they had to lead him around on a ribbon but by and by Runt followed because he loved the children.

"I think," said Runt, as they fed him great bowls of milk all to himself,— "I think that I like these children better than my own brothers and sisters because they are so much kinder to me."

The children brought Runt around to the front of the house and gave him a little chair all for himself.

"Here, Piggy," they said, "we want you to sit up and look as handsome as you can, because we want everybody to know that we have got a prize pig."

At first Runt longed for the pen, but when he thought of how kind everyone was to him he managed to forget all about it, which is always the surest way to make one's self at home anywhere.

Before fall Runt was able to sit up and beg for the bits of candy and apples which were offered to him.

One day he went to walk with the boarders close by the pen where his mother and the rest of the family were still living.

Mrs. Pig was crying in great deep grunts as only pigs can cry.

Runt put his snout through the bars and tried to see what the matter was.

"My child, you are spared a great deal," came through the bars.

"Spared what?" asked Runt, trying to work his snout in farther.

"They took your biggest, fattest brother up to the house today and put him on the table with an apple in his mouth," she sobbed.

"Why didn't he eat the apple?" asked Runt.

"He couldn't,—” cried the lonely mother-pig, "the boarders wanted him for dinner—he was so big and fat."

"Why didn't he run away from the table?" asked Runt.

"He couldn't," said Mrs. Pig, "because he was all cooked."

Runt looked very much frightened, "I thought the boarders were very fond of pigs."

"I'm only too sorry to say they are—but my poor little Runt, don't worry. Your brains may save you. I am allowed to live only because I am able to bring up big families for the farmer. It wouldn't pay to get rid of me."

Runt trotted off slowly feeling rather ashamed of his blue ribbon and all the kindness that the boarders had shown him.

The weather grew colder and colder until Runt found that he was very glad of a chance to sit in the kitchen beside the stove. One day there was a great deal of squealing out in the pig-pen and then a long silence. A few days later the household were very busy indeed.

"Come here, Runt," said the farmer on Sunday morning

after breakfast, "if you'll get up on those hind legs of yours, I'll give you a piece of sausage."

Then Runt sat up on his hind legs and ate the sausage, thinking that it was the best thing he had ever eaten in all his life.

There are a great many things that a little pig doesn't know.

The next day Runt went down to see his mother. She was all alone at one end of the pen, buried in mud way up to her knees.

Runt stepped up daintily and put his snout in between the cracks in the pen.

"Mother," he said, "please don't look so unhappy: what has happened?"

Mrs. Pig made no answer.

"Mother-dear," said Runt, "I am very sorry for you. I tell you what I will do for you,—the next time they give me some of that delicious sausage up at the house, I will bring my share down to you."

Mrs. Pig gave one squeal that made Runt jump.

"Have you had any of that sausage, Runt?" she asked, wallowing out of her hole.

"Yes, mother," answered Runt wonderingly.

"My poor wee little piggikins, you have lived to eat up the rest of the family! They are all in that sausage and I am left alone."

Runt hung his head with grief.

"Your brains have saved you, Runt," said Mrs. Pig. "Mind is greater than body as they tell us nowadays. There, run away, my little pig and forget all about it."

The Proud Guinea Hen

ONCE upon a time there was a guinea family who wouldn't have anything to do with anybody else—and it was very foolish because this family were only hens after all.

Mr. and Mrs. Guinea talked things over the day they went to the farm.

"Imagine living in those tenement houses," said Mrs. Guinea with her small head in the air and her speckled feathers rounded out like a balloon-skirt as she skimmed around the hen yards followed by Mr. Guinea.

The Rhode Island Reds and the Plymouth Rocks looked up very pleasantly although they knew that the Guineas were foreigners.

"Look at those horrid little cabins," said Mr. Guinea as he glided by a row of neat little houses every one of which had a yard of its own.

"Think of raising a family in a place like that," answered Mrs. Guinea fluttering her graceful feathers, "How do you suppose common hens ever stand it?"

"Of course we shall build when we find the right sort of a place to settle down," said Mr. Guinea who was taking a birdseye view of the valley below him.

"It will have to be a long ways from here, that is one thing certain," said Mrs. Guinea, "for I have no intention of mixing in the fowl society up here."

"Of course," agreed Mr. Guinea, "the fact that we are different in every way makes it impossible to have anything to do with these common barnyard fowls."

"It goes without saying that we are different," answered Mrs. Guinea spreading out her wings and making a strange drumming sound. "Let's go down and look over the rock-land below."

Mr. and Mrs. Guinea looked for some time until they found a grassy spot hidden away among the rocks and bushes just on the edge of the swamp.

Then they settled down to housekeeping. It wasn't much work, for of course they took their meals out. "It's pretty poor pickings down here," said Mrs. Guinea scratching the ground with her airy little bill.

"You can't get along without anything but pebbles in your crop," grumbled Mr. Guinea crossly.

Mr. and Mrs. Guinea both looked hungry enough to eat each other.

"Those common hens up there have their meals brought out to them," whimpered Mrs. Guinea, "I've heard them called—'Chick, chick.' "

"Let's go up and dine with them," suggested Mr. Guinea whose hunger was sharper than his pride.

So the two foreigners went slyly skimming up the hill as fast as only guinea hens can get over the ground.

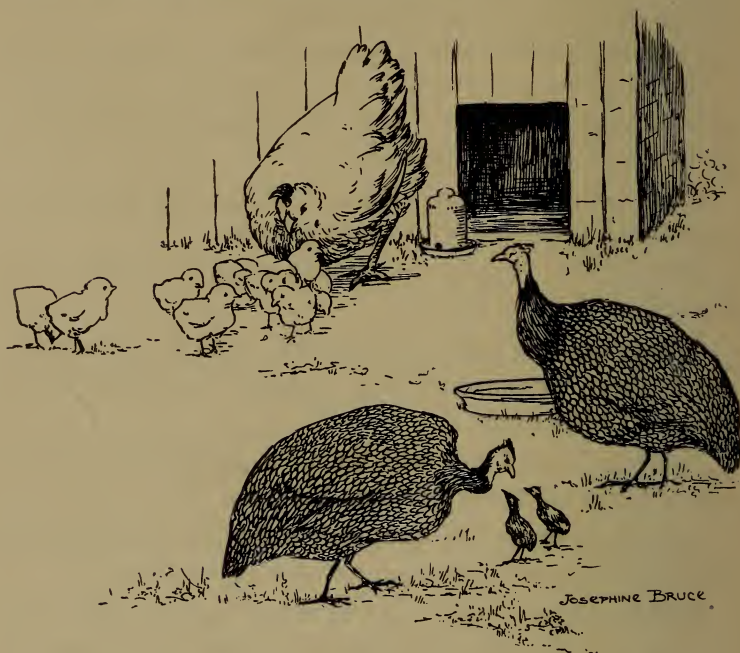
"Chick, chick, chick," called the children while the Guineas worked their way in on the edge of a mass of wings and tails and fought for cracked corn like any other barnyard fowl.

As soon as the corn was gone Mr. and Mrs. Guinea beat their wings and skimmed quickly back to their home in the valley as if they felt very much ashamed of themselves.

And so it went on for weeks and weeks until the Guineas

had two little chickens of their own—not yellow fluffy balls, but sober looking little Guinea chickens.

“We shall have to be very careful of our children,” said Mrs. Guinea, “because they must be kept away from the other chickens up at the hen yard. Chickens are always born without a sense of proper pride.”



“HUSH! KEEP ON EATING AS FAST AS YOU CAN.”

But by and by the Guinea chickens became very tired of staying in the valley and began to follow their mother and father up the hill until one day the whole family came up at feeding time.

“Mother,” said one of the little chickens looking around,

"why can't we stay up here all the time? It's so lonesome where we are."

"Hush!" commanded Mrs. Guinea. "Keep on eating as fast as you can."

"That mother has twelve little chickens," teased the baby Guinea with his mouth full of cracked corn. "Why can't you take some of her chickens home to play with us?"

"Be quiet, Chick," ordered Mrs. Guinea, "or I shall peck you very hard. Those hens up on the hill are only common barnyard fowls. We are very different in every way."

"Different in every way, are you?" clucked an old hen from somewhere very deep inside.

"My family are from abroad," boasted Mrs. Guinea glancing sideways at Mrs. Plymouth Rock.

"We have an African to clean out our house," answered Mrs. Plymouth Rock without so much as ruffling one feather. "But he is black all over without any white spots at all."

Mrs. Guinea made no answer, but called the other chicken to her side.

"Mrs. Guinea," said Mrs. Plymouth Rock, "You may be—and I truly hope you are—different from the rest of us. But there's one thing certain—"

"What is it?" snapped Mrs. Guinea almost ready to peck Mrs. Plymouth Rock's eyes out.

"You have to eat just the same as the rest of us common barnyard fowls. You needn't think that we don't know what you think of us when it isn't meal time," added Mrs. Plymouth Rock growing so chesty that she looked like a pouter pigeon.

"But I always leave the moment I have had my dinner,"

retorted Mrs. Guinea who was so angry that all her feathers stood out like a balloon.

"That's nothing to brag of," replied Mrs. Plymouth Rock. "The commonest fowl on the place knows that you don't know any better than to eat and run. The children up here call Mr. Guinea 'Eat' and you 'Run.' It's a pity you can't swallow some of your pride along with our corn."

"But I *have* to eat," murmured Mrs. Guinea with a tear in her proud eye.

"So does every other hen," answered Mrs. Plymouth Rock with a twist of her head.

"Come, chicks, come along," called Mrs. Guinea, "Your father is calling us. That common barnyard fowl did get the better of me. There's no use putting on airs when you have to eat another hen's cracked corn."

The Greedy Little Monkey

ONCE upon a time there was a greedy little monkey who found a tree full of nuts in a lonesome part of the forest in which he lived.

"I shall keep this nut-tree a secret," he said with his little mouth full, "for if I tell the others there won't be so many nuts for me."

Then the greedy little monkey ate and ate and ate until he could hardly crawl back home to the family tree. It was growing very dark, so nobody noticed that his cheek pouches were bulging with the nuts he had brought home to eat all by himself.

"You are late for supper, Monk," called out Mrs. Monkey as he climbed the family tree.

"I don't want any supper," said Monk as he went off to his own little branch to lie down. In a few minutes he began to double up at the waist and to wring his paws frantically.

"Mother!" he cried, as all little monkeys cry for their mothers when they are in pain.

Mrs. Monkey came scrambling up the family tree two branches at a time for she knew that Monk must be sick.

She looked him all over, put on a mustard plaster and sent for Doctor Monkey over on Cocconut Avenue.

"What have you been eating, Monk?" asked Mrs. Monkey wrinkling her forehead as if to remember.

"Nothing," groaned Monk.

Just then the doctor swung himself into the family tree and came straight up to Monk's branch. He looked very

hard at his patient for a moment and then asked, "what have you been eating?"

"I don't know," said Monk with another groan.

The doctor felt lightly of his cheeks and said, "Monk, have you anything to eat hidden in your cheek pouches?"

"No," said Monk, with another long groan,—not for the wicked story he was telling, but for the pain he was suffering.



WHAT HAVE YOU BEEN EATING, MONK?"

"Here, let me see your tongue," said the Doctor, prying his mouth open with a long spoon.

"H'm," said the doctor, for he saw bits of the nuts sticking to Monk's sharp white teeth, "I think that you must have the mumps if you haven't been telling me a naughty, wicked story about those cheek pouches of yours."

The doctor looked at Monk again and waited for him to speak. But Monk didn't say anything because he was afraid.

Doctor Monkey went to one side and spoke to Mrs. Monkey.

"O, Doctor, I am so ashamed of Monk. He must be punished."

"We will let him have the mumps," said the doctor, "he has brought it all on himself."

The doctor and Mrs. Monkey came over to Monk's side and talked the case over, while Monk rolled over and over with the pain in his little insides.

"It is a case of mumps," said the doctor looking over his spectacles, "I never saw the swelling more marked at the beginning of a case."

"How about his treatment, Doctor," asked Mrs. Monkey.

"Oh, give him a shell full of cocoanut milk every four hours and administer a tablespoonful of this bitter, black medicine every hour. You must keep all the other monkeys away from him, for fear of an epidemic of the disease."

"For how long, Doctor?" said Mrs. Monkey looking at the sick little monkey.

"Three weeks," said the Doctor, as he picked up his bag and started down the family tree.

Monk's mouth began to quiver and the tears came into his eyes, "Mother," he sobbed, "I haven't got the mumps; I've got some nuts hidden in my pouches. That's what makes them so fat."

"There can't be anything in them, Monk," said Mrs. Monkey very firmly, "because you told Doctor Monkey that there wasn't anything there five minutes ago. No little

Monkey of mine could tell a wicked story. Monk, you've got the mumps, and if you haven't you have got to be treated for them."

Monk opened his mouth very wide and begged his mother to look in, but she turned away her head and climbed down the tree without kissing him good night for the first time in all his little monkey life.

Monk lay alone in the dark. He rubbed his stomach with his paws and cried as if his heart would break.

"I think," he said, "that it's harder to make people believe the truth after you have told one story, than it is to make people believe a story, when you have always told the truth."

Now this was all Monk thought of all the three long weeks when he had to have the mumps.

The Story of One Little Mouse

WHEN Mr. and Mrs. Mouse went to housekeeping in the wall between the kitchen pantry and the cellar stairs, they built a cosy little nest out of paper bags from the pantry and lined it with cotton nibbled off the pipe-wrappings down cellar.

By and by there were six Baby Mice, only as big as the end of your thumb. They didn't wear grey fur coats like Mother Mouse and Father Mouse,—all they had on were funny pink tights like circus-riders.

At first they could only eat and sleep and try to keep each other warm, until they began to grow fur coats of their own. Then they went out every day to play in front of the nest. Their playground was a safe place, for there was no way out of it, except the little round door above that led into the kitchen pantry.

"Now, my little Mice," said Mother Mouse as she taught them their daily lesson, "when you see the light shining through the hole, you must never squeal, not even to yourselves. You must be as 'quiet as mice,'—for that is what the children upstairs always say,—you must sleep while it is day and work while it is night,—for that is the only safe time for us."

"Your father and I go out every night to hunt for food. It is very dangerous, my little Mice, because there are traps waiting for us, baited with toasted cheese, and worse than all, there is the family cat."

"Tell us about traps, Mother," said Bright Eyes who longed to go out and see the world beyond.

Mother Mouse looked very sad for a minute, then she said, "Some traps are round with holes in them, and some traps are long with cages on one end of them. Your dear grandmother and grandfather met their deaths in this way."

Mother Mouse paused to wipe her bright black eyes.

"It is hard to pass by the cheese and bacon, especially when they are toasted, but always remember, my dear little Mice, that a dead mouse can never eat any more cheese."

"What is the family cat like?" asked Bright Eyes.



"CHEESE!" EXCLAIMED THE NAUGHTY MOUSE.

"The family cat," answered Mother Mouse with a shudder, "is a great black monster who could swallow you whole. She has great green eyes that shine in the dark, and sharp claws that tear you in pieces. They call her 'Mouser.' "

The other Mice huddled together in terror, but Bright Eyes said, "I wish I could go hunting. I am not afraid."

"You must wait until you are older," said Mother Mouse as she divided a cracker among them for luncheon.

But that very night when it was as dark as dark could

be, Bright Eyes stole softly up through the round hole into the pantry above. At first he poked his head out to find if he could see anything of a pair of green eyes. Then he ran across the pantry shelf until he came across a bit of toasted cheese.

"Cheese!" exclaimed the naughty mouse, with a wriggle of his nose, "and all toasted, too. I wonder what there can be to fear?"

Bright Eyes walked round and round the cheese, as he said to himself, "It can't be a trap: it isn't round with holes in it, or long with a cage at one end of it,—and it hasn't green eyes. It can't be anything to be afraid of."

So saying, the foolish mouse just started to take a nibble when there was a crashing sound and something went off with a loud snap.

Bright Eyes was caught by his little tail.

"I want to go home," cried Bright Eyes squealing with pain, but the cruel thing held him fast.

"I want my mother," he squeaked, "she could get me out of this."

He tugged and tugged and pulled, but the trap wouldn't let go. He could only drag it after him as he slowly made his way to the hole he had poked his head so cheerfully out of an hour before.

Although it hurt more than anybody but a little mouse can ever know, Bright Eyes kept right on until at last he reached it.

"Mother!" he cried, as he poked his head down, so that the trap turned over and lay face-downward over the hole.

Mother and Father Mouse came hurrying up as fast as they could.

"Get me out of this trap," cried the poor little Mouse.

"I can't," answered Mother Mouse crying out loud.

"Can't you nibble me out?" asked Bright Eyes sobbing.

"No, I can't get to you," she said, "you'll have to help yourself. Pull."

"It hurts," screamed Bright Eyes, but he kept on pulling with all his might and main.

"Keep on," called up Mother Mouse, "and you'll get out."

Bright Eyes gave one long squeal and came tumbling down through the hole into the mouse yard below.

The trap still lay over the hole,—and O, dear children, there was a little mouse-tail in it!

Mother Mouse took her little baby, all bleeding, into her paws and cried as if her heart would break.

"My poor little Mousikins, my poor dear little Mousikins, how could you? You might have lost your precious life."

"But you can put my tail on again, or else buy me a new one," said Bright Eyes.

"I can't," sobbed Mother Mouse, "I only wish I could."

"But I thought mothers could do anything," said Bright Eyes in surprise.

"They can only try to keep you out of danger," said Mother Mouse sadly.

"You told me about traps with holes in them, and traps with cages on them, but you didn't tell me about this kind of a trap," complained Bright Eyes.

"You poor, little, broken-tailed Mousikins, I can only tell you that men are always inventing new kinds of traps for mice."

The Educated Dog

ONCE upon a time there was a little Portuguese Poodle puppy who looked for all the world like one of the woolly dogs the children find on the tree at Christmas time. Her name was "Snowball," because she was as white and round and beautiful as the flowers for which she was named.

Her mother's name was "Snowball" too, because she was white and beautiful like her puppy—only not so roly-poly; she was taller and slimmer. The two travelled everywhere together in company with a great many other dogs, each of whom lived in a little wicker house, just like Snowball's and her mother's.

One day when the dogs were being carried from the train to the carriage, Snowball looked out between the bars to see a black cocker-spaniel puppy running up and down the platform all by himself.

"I want to get out and play with that puppy," said Snowball putting her nose through the bars.

"Why, that is only a common street puppy," remarked Mrs. Snowball, looking surprised.

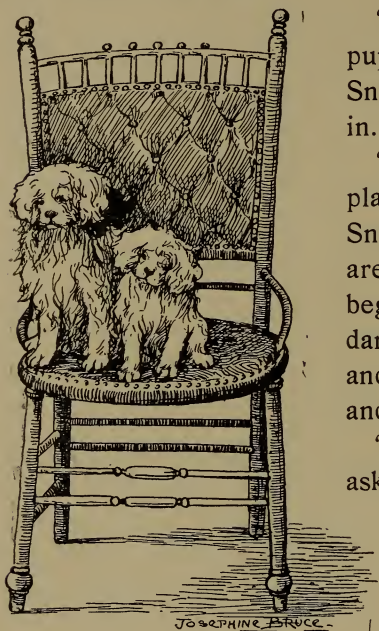
"But I want to get out and play with him," pleaded Snowball with tears in her bright little eyes.

"You can not go," answered her mother, "because you are a member of Monsieur Dumas' troupe of trained dogs."

"But I'd rather go out and roll in the gutter, and bury my bones, and fight, than stay in this house all the time," whined Snowball out loud.

"Hush," said Mrs. Snowball. "You should wag your tail for joy because your birth makes it possible for you to take

your place upon the stage. Your grandmother, who is now in the Happy Hunting Grounds, as well as your mother, were there before you. That is greater than being free to roll in the gutter, and bury bones and fight. Any common dog can do that."



SNOWBALL CUDDLED CLOSE TO
HER MOTHER.

"I'd rather play with that puppy out there," whined Snowball with her tail tucked in.

"But why do you want to play with him?" asked Mrs. Snowball comfortingly. "You are to be taught to sit up and beg, to lie down and die, to dance, and to say your prayers, and to jump through hoops and over barrels."

"How am I going to learn?" asked Snowball, picking up her ears.

"By standing beside me at the performances and watching the troupe perform," answered Mrs. Snowball.

"I heard Monsieur say that he would let you make your first public appearance this afternoon at the children's matinee. Your name is beside mine on the printed program.

Snowball's little tail began to wag so hard that if it hadn't been fastened on, it must surely have come straight off.

That very afternoon Monsieur Dumas escorted his troupe of trained dogs to their blue velvet chairs on the stage of the great opera house. At his signal the curtains parted and the orchestra began to play a lively waltz.

There was a sound like thunder from all over the house.

Snowball cuddled close to her mother and said, "Mother, what are all these people here for? To hear the music?"

"No," answered Mrs. Snowball, trembling with pride in her puppy, "they are here to see us. Monsieur has just told them that this is your first appearance."

Aren't there any dogs out there to look at us?" whispered Snowball, as two of the dogs began waltzing in time to the music.

"No, indeed," said Mrs. Snowball, "there is a sign at the main entrance which reads 'No Dogs Allowed'; I saw it when we drove past to the stage door in our carriage."

"But why do they let us sit in blue velvet chairs on the stage? Aren't we dog-dogs?" asked Snowball as she watched the whirling figures a few feet away.

"We are here because we are educated dogs," said Mrs. Snowball as she nodded her head in time to the music.

"What is an educated dog, Mother?" asked Snowball, bobbing her own little head too.

"Most dogs have to be supported by their masters; we support ours. They don't know how to do anything; we know how to do everything. If it were not for these performances we give, Monsieur could not live," said Mrs. Snowball as she jumped down in answer to his call.

Little Snowball felt very lonesome in the big blue velvet chair at first, but by and by she forgot everything but the

wonderful tricks her mother did, while every now and then the audience made a noise like thunder.

"O, Mother," she cried, as Mrs. Snowball was led proudly back to her place, "Aren't you afraid of all this noise?"

"No, little puppy of mine," explained Mrs. Snowball licking Snowball's round little face, "they make this kind of a noise only to tell us that they like us. People can't say 'bowwow'; we really can't expect it of them."

"Mother," said Snowball, cuddling very close, "I'm so sorry for that little black puppy I saw this morning; he couldn't even sit in the audience, could he?"

"No, he couldn't," answered her mother, looking proudly down upon her little puppy, "you see he isn't educated. Education is the only thing that will carry a dog into the best society."

The Little Colt That Lived on a Farm

ONCE upon a time there lived on a farm a colt whose name was Thunder, because he was born the night of the great storm that shook the hills around and lashed the ocean below into great white waves. He was an awkward little thing with legs that seemed too long for him, as he followed his mother around the barnyard.

When Thunder was about a month old, he grew tired of the cows and the hens and the chickens and the ducks, and began to wonder about the world beyond his home.

The family lived in a low, rambling house with the bedrooms on the first floor as they are in Eastern bungalows. Thunder thought to himself, "Now, I could easily look in and see what this stable the family live in is like."

The curious little colt put his soft black nose up to the blinds and began moving the slats up and down.

"I can see in," said Thunder, feeling very much pleased with himself, "this little stall is pink. There is the manger over there,—but it's all covered with lace curtains. I don't see any hay or oats in it. I wonder where the little colt is who lives in here."

Just then Thunder's mother came up neighing loudly.

"What are you doing, Thunder?" she asked.

"I am trying to see the inside of this stable and the little colt," answered Thunder.

"There isn't any little colt in there. This is a house and the animal that lives in this room is called a baby."

Just then there was a little cry from the manger, and then another and a louder one.

Thunder was so frightened that he kicked up his heels and ran away as fast as his long legs could carry him.

"You do well to be afraid," said his mother, "for you waked the baby. Her mother will be very angry with you."



ONE DAY HE TOOK THE DOCTOR'S SATCHEL.

"I am sorry," said Thunder, "because I like that pink stall better than I do mine. When may I go in and play with the baby?"

"By and by when you are a big horse, and the baby is a big girl, you will be allowed to take her into school every day. I heard the family talking about it when they were out in the garden this morning. You will be a great deal of use to them later, Thunder, but you must not try to force your way.

Thunder watched the window day by day until at last he saw it wide open. There was the little baby in her mother's arms!

"I am going to play with the baby now," said Thunder, but just then his master came along with a halter and a rope. The colt was very much pleased to think that he was being taken notice of at first, but just as soon as he found that he was to be led around by the halter, he began pulling back as hard as he could.

Thunder threw himself on the ground, and laid his ears back on his head as if he didn't mean to mind anybody.

"That man can't move me," thought Thunder, but someone else came behind him with a whip.

"I suppose I might as well go a step ahead as take this whipping," said Thunder after a long struggle.

Thunder moved forward a step. Then his master patted him and gave him a lump of sugar.

Thunder's mother came up at this point and spoke to her little colt: "Thunder, I am glad to see that you are learning to take your place in the world. It is only when we learn to take our place and keep it that we can be of any use."

And so life went on in the same old way day after day until Thunder began to grow large and strong. The baby

too, had grown until she was toddling around with the chickens and the goslings and the baby-cows.

Thunder was good,—as colts go, but of course, he made a great many mistakes. One day he took the Doctor's satchel right out of the Doctor's carriage and went across the lawn with it in his mouth like a circus pony.

The family all laughed and said that it was too cunning for anything, but Thunder's mother called him to her, and said, "You must remember that people overlook a great many things that you do now, because you are little. It will not be so by and by."

A few months after this, Thunder slipped his halter and said with a toss of his proud head, "I am almost as large as my mother now. I shall go to town all by myself. I don't need a carriage behind me to show me the way."

The runaway slipped out of the barnyard and galloped down the road toward town.

"It must be much nicer than the country," said Thunder as he nibbled his way down the grassy lane, "because the country people always go to town whenever they can find a horse to take them."

Thunder went on and on, nibbling grass here and there and taking a bite of the hedges along the road, until he came to a place where there was no more grass and where the roads were so hard that they hurt his little, unshod feet.

He began to look around and feel very homesick until he saw an old farmer who called out, "Ain't you the colt that belongs over yonder?" With that the farmer took out a piece of rope and tied Thunder to the back of his rickety old wagon.

"Well," said the colt to himself, as he walked to the time of the jingling milk cans, "I shall be glad to get home again. It's the place for me!"

Thunder's mother spoke to him as he was led through the farmyard gate: "Thunder, it is time you learned to stay where you are put. No matter how kind people are to you, there is a place where a horse belongs."

"Yes, Mother," said Thunder, as he walked shyly past the Flora Dora team, as the farm horses were called.

"Have you seen the town?" asked Flora, munching her hay.

Thunder bobbed his head.

"The country is the place for a horse," said Dora as she lifted her dripping mouth out of the trough, "there is nothing like it in the town."

Thunder and his mother had a long talk that night before they went to sleep.

"I can not be always with you," she said, licking his face lovingly, "for the time is coming when I am to be sold as a carriage horse in town. When I am far away, I want you to remember that I have brought you up to know your place in the world and to respect it."

When Thunder's mother had been away for about a year, he made up his mind one moonlight night that he would not stay indoors and sleep.

"Hear those frogs down in the swamp," he said, as he listened to the loud kerhonk, "they are out all night and they are nowhere near as large as I am!"

Thunder slipped his halter and went out into the barnyard where it was as light as day, for the moon was shining bright. He made his way slowly around to the front

of the house where the door was standing open wide. It was only a step up onto the wide veranda where the hammocks and the Japanese lanterns were swinging in the breeze.

"This floor is no better than the platform of my barn," said Thunder as he stepped up with his fore foot. "There is no reason why I should not go in."

With these words he made his way through the open door into the main room around which ran a gallery. There was a square space in the centre of the room which ran up to the roof from the rafters of which hung great Japanese umbrellas.

"This place is big enough for me, all right," said Thunder looking around him. Just then he caught sight of the big mirror that was set in the wall,—“that must be another horse,” he thought, as he went up to it in the uncertain light. “No,” he said, putting his nose up to the glass, “that horse must be on the other side of this fence.

“Here is the little pink stall where the little girl sleeps. I wish I had some sugar for her,—she always brings me sugar.”

Thunder stood near the door of the room and gave a loud whinny that aroused the dogs who had only half awakened when he came in. The little girl began to cry loudly and voices were heard from all over the house.

The family were all very much disturbed, because nobody expects to see a horse in the house in the middle of the night.

The dogs growled at his heels while the master came out with a stick and drove him back to the stall from which he had come forth so proudly half an hour before.

Thunder was never so much ashamed in all his life. He lay down on the floor and pretended to be fast asleep for fear Flora and Dora might ask him where he had been.

The next morning the dogs came out and began laughing at him.

"You were driven out of the house last night, Thunder, weren't you?" said Salambo, who always slept in the big easy chair.

"What if I were," snorted Thunder, "I guess I'm just as clean and respectable as you are; and I am of more use any day!"

"That isn't the point," said Salambo, who had brought up a big family of puppies that were a credit to her, "a house is not the place for a horse. A horse isn't of any use in a house, and a house isn't of much use with a horse in it."

Thunder laid his ears back on his head.

"You needn't be angry," said Salambo trying to comfort him, "I know that I wouldn't be able to drag the family into town, but I am satisfied to drag the babies out in the dog wagon and give them the best kind of a ride I can. I am content to stay where I belong and be of all the use I can."

"Are you telling me that I am of more use to the family out here in the stable than I am in the house?" asked Thunder as he stopped biting at his stall.

"That is exactly what I mean," said Salambo, wagging her tail, "we have all of us got a place in the world and we are none of us of very much use until we stay in it. If you keep in your place nobody will be obliged to disgrace you by putting you back where you belong,"

"You are right, Salambo," said Thunder, bobbing his head, "I shall not forget my place after this—what you have been saying is good horse sense."

The Headlong Heifer That Lived on the Farm.

ONCE upon a time there was a little calf, or a "baby-cow" (as the little girl on the farm always says) that lived in a part of the country which is so beautiful that it is known far and near around the country-side.

The barn stood upon the top of a hill from which one looks far out to sea where the great ships are sailing. The cow-path led out through a wired-in yard, over a field and down the hill, past acres of waving corn and wheat and oats and barley to the pasture land which lay among the trees and rocks in the valley below.

When the "baby-cow" was little she used to stay in the yard with her mother, but as she grew older she was sent out to pasture with the rest of the herd.

The first time Bossy went down the path she was very much surprised to see what lay on the other side of the ridge of rocks. The country lay stretched before her, broad and green and beautiful. There were meadows of green grass, more than any cow could ever eat, and water, running brooks of it, more than any cow could drink.

"Bossy," said her mother, "you must watch me and be very careful, because there are many things that a calf must look out for in a swamp."

The happy little calf followed her mother as she led the way over the green hillocks that looked like little islands in a sea of green.

"Put your feet on the humps, Bossy," said Mrs. Cow, "and then you will be able to make your way all over the

valley. You can go from hump to hump to find the greenest grass."

Bossy wasn't afraid; she went straight ahead, thinking it was great fun to jump on the little islands that would rise and fall as she stepped off and on. It was such good fun that by and by Bossy forgot to look where she was going. All of a sudden her hind feet went down, down, down into the mud below. Poor little Bossy was deep in the swamp mud, which you all know is very soft and slimy and seems to suck you in as fast as you can get yourself out.

Bossy gave one great moo for mother cow who was chewing her cud near by.

"Bossy," said Mrs. Cow, "you should look where you are going. You must plant your fore feet firmly on the hillock in front of you and try to draw your hind legs out of the mud. You can do it, if you have patience, but it will take longer to get out of the mire than it did to get into it."

And so it did. Bossy struggled and mooed and mooed and struggled for an hour until she found herself with all four feet on the little hillocks. The little calf was so dirty that her mother led her over the bay-berry bushes and told her to rub herself against them until some of the mud should come off.

"Now, Bossy," said Mrs. Cow, as she licked Bossy's scared little face, "you must look to see where you are going. It's always easier to get into trouble than it is to get out again. More than one cow has been lost in the mire who found it easy to fall in."

And so the spring passed into summer and the summer into autumn until the bushes in the swamp were turned to colors

of red and crimson and gold. By and by the little babbling brooks seemed to go to sleep and grew all white and hard. Jack Frost had lain his magic wand over the valley and made it safe for the littlest child to walk across the swamp.

For long months the cows had spent most of their time in the clean white barn with the asphalt floors and the



"I DON'T SEE ANYTHING INSIDE," SAID BOSSY.

great iron stanchions. A man dressed in white came every night and morning and led them out into the barnyard when the sun came out warm and bright as it does on many days in winter.

Bossy was longing to grow a pair of curled horns and give fourteen quarts of milk a day like her mother. Meanwhile she was just poking her soft black nose into everything she could find from milk cans to green paint.

But there was one thing she had never had a chance to

get that nose of hers into—and that was the old well which had long since passed out of use. The well cover was a great flat stone with a hole in the centre which was always kept covered. One day some boys came along and took the cover off. Then they forgot to put it on again.

"There must be something inside there that they don't want me to find out about," said Bossy, as she made her way across the lot as fast as any heifer possibly could.

"I don't see anything inside," said Bossy, feeling very much disappointed, "I wonder if those boys took anything out."

Bossy put her head way down to see a little more clearly, "I do seem to see something, I wonder if it is another cow," she said to herself.

Bossy had looked in too far. Just then she felt herself going down, down, down, with her head first until she struck something stinging wet and cold. Then there was a great splash!

As soon as Bossy felt able to think at all, she saw that she was in water almost up to her neck, while way above her as far as she could see was a round hole which let the light down.

Bossy mooed and mooed and mooed, but her mooes would all have been lost had not the master seen her fall into the hole at the top of the cistern.

"That's how I got in here," said Bossy looking way up, "but I don't see any way at the bottom to get out. What shall I do? What *shall* I do? I'd be glad of wings like a barnyard fowl."

Bossy listened a minute. Yes, there were voices above

her, and first one and then another face looked down into the well.

A ladder was let down through the hole and a boy came down with ropes which he tied around Bossy's waist and legs. Then the boy went up again and Bossy felt a strong tugging at the ropes.

They lifted her half way out and then Bossy felt herself going down, down, down again, and there was another splash.

"It's a cold world," thought poor Bossy for the second time that day.

The boy came down again and tied Bossy's legs more firmly.

This time they raised her slowly and surely up, up, up until her head came out of the little round hole.

"I am so glad I am out again," said Bossy, while the people all shouted "Hurrah!"

"My, this hole seems very small," said Bossy in cow-language as she felt herself being drawn through the narrow space. "I must have grown since I fell in."

Bossy couldn't make herself any smaller, and so it was decided that the hole must be made larger.

For a third time, poor, half-frozen Bossy felt herself going down, down, down, slowly but surely until she fell into the water below with a quiet splash.

Poor, poor Bossy, her troubles were not all over. In a few minutes men came with crow-bars and began breaking in the top of the well. Down came pieces of masonry slam bang, hitting Bossy on the head and making loud splashes in the water.

By the time the boy came down again to put the ropes

around her, Bossy was too cold to feel anything. She never knew how she was drawn up into the beautiful sunlight above, and then led into the kitchen where there was a great roaring fire that made her blood tingle.

Someone came with blankets which they wrapped around her and somebody else with hot drinks which they poured down her until Bossy felt as if she had swallowed a boiling brook.

By and by she fell into a deep sleep.

Late that night when Bossy was led back into the cow-barn, her mother said, "My poor little calf, you came very near going to the Happy Hunting Grounds today."

"Are you going to punish me?" asked Bossy, looking very much afraid.

"No," said Mrs. Cow, "you have suffered enough already. I don't think that you will ever try to find the bottom of the well again."

"I won't," said Bossy, shivering at the thought.

"And now, you must learn, my curious little heifer," said her mother, "that people often keep things from you just because they know it is for your good."

Bossy shivered again as she thought of the cold water below.

"Think of all the trouble it was for the family to get you out again."

"They said I was a valuable animal," said Bossy with an air of pride.

"Perhaps," said Mrs. Cow, tossing her horns in the air, "but you know there is a society with a long name that compels people to be kind to every animal, no matter how poorly bred it may be."

"I don't see why they had to have all that fuss to get me out of the well," said Bossy, crossing her fore feet under her and spreading herself on the warm straw below, "if I could fall down that hole so easily, why couldn't I be taken out again just as easily?"

"Bossy," said her mother, reaching out for a wisp of hay, "by the time your horns are grown, you will have found out that it is always easier to slide into a tight place than it is to be dragged out of it again. A tight place is always bigger when you are on the outside of it!"

The Kitten With the Double Paws

MRS. TABBY sat out in the barnyard with her three kittens—Tiger, Tinty and Tiddlewinks. Tiger was the largest and strongest, Tinty was the smallest, while Tiddlewinks was the prettiest.

“Now,” said Mrs. Tabby, as she watched the kittens giving themselves their daily bath, “be sure and lick very clean with your rough little tongues, and then rub yourselves well with your soft little paws—every one expects a cat to keep very clean.”

“Now,” said Mrs. Tabby again, as Tiger, Tinty and Tiddlewinks went on with their bath, “it is time that you should be able to catch one of the mice that live in the barn and lay it at the feet of our kind master. He will not take it from you and eat it, because for some strange reason, people do not care for mouse-flesh—you will be allowed to keep it all for yourself. Do not take it to your mistress, for even big women are sometimes afraid of a little bit of a mouse.”

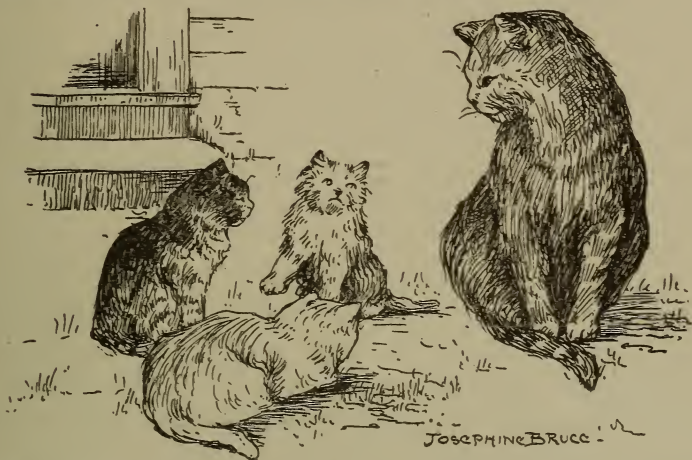
The kittens listened with their fore paws raised in the air.

“There are so many mice in the barn now that you can easily catch one,” went on Mrs. Tabby in her purring voice, “I have been keeping out of the way for the past few days to let you kittens have a chance tonight; all you will need is patience.”

“Where is patience? Is it something out in the barn?” asked Tiddlewinks, as she washed her pretty face.

“A kitten has ‘patience,’” explained Mrs. Tabby, “when

she looks and looks until she finds a hole and then sits beside it and watches for hours and hours without purring even to herself. She must keep her eyes wide open and right on the hole. When a mouse pokes his head out, she must keep very, very still and draw her breath in, for the time to catch a mouse is not until he is safely out."



IT IS TIME THAT YOU SHOULD BE ABLE TO CATCH SOME OF THE MICE WHICH ARE IN THE BARN.

"How do you catch him?" asked Tiger with his eyes wide open, for he meant to be the first to bring in a big fat mouse to lay at the feet of his master.

"When the mouse is way out of his hole," answered Mrs. Tabby, looking proudly upon the handsome Tiger, "you must gather yourself together, give one great spring, and pounce upon him with your teeth and claws."

"Is that all?" asked Tiger, his striped coat fairly bristling, "then I shall catch more mice than Tiddlewinks and Tinty

put together, because I am bigger and stronger; besides I have double paws—no mouse can ever get by me.”

That night Mrs. Tabby led Tiger, Tinty and Tiddlewinks out of the carpet-covered box where they had always slept all night long before. She took the three little kittens to three different corners, in each of which was a hole just big enough for a mouse to squeeze through.

“Now,” said Mrs. Tabby, in a very quiet meow, “you must keep your eyes wide open and wait for your chance—it needs much patient waiting to catch a mouse. I shall be in the hay loft above to see that nothing happens to you,” added Mrs. Tabby, as she sniffed around with her long whiskers.

It grew darker and darker in the old barn while Tiger, Tinty and Tiddlewinks waited in their three corners for three little mice to come out to them. There wasn’t a meow to be heard, nor even a purr, as they sat like the three good kittens they were and blinked at each other in the dark—you know cats can see almost as well in the dark as little children can see in the light.

Tiger was so sure that he was big enough and strong enough to catch a mouse that he forgot what his mother had told him about keeping on the watch. First he took a nap with one eye open and one eye shut—which is a “cat-nap” as the littlest child knows. Then he went to sleep tight with both eyes shut the way little children do every night. Just as Tiger was dreaming of barn floors covered with mice, a big live mouse poked his head out of the hole beside the sleeping Tiger and scampered across the barn

floor to the grain bin. But how could Tiger know all this when he was only dreaming?

But pretty Tiddlewinks in her corner was wide awake, although she had been waiting for hours and hours without any hope. After a while her bright eyes spied a head poking out of the hole, and then a little mouse came boldly out. Tiddlewinks drew herself together, gave a great spring, and pounced upon him with her teeth and claws as her mother had taught her. The mouse didn't even squeal, so Tiger slept on peacefully over in his corner.

Although Tinty was so little, he kept both eyes as wide open as any great, big kitten could. "Of course, I am smaller than the others," thought Tinty to himself, "but that is all the more reason that I must watch carefully and be ready to spring." When the little mouse came out of the hole beside Tinty he never even knew what happened to him, it was all over so quickly.

As soon as the sun rose in the east, Mrs. Tabby who had been watching in the hay loft above, came down to see her kittens. Tiddlewinks and Tinty came proudly up to meet her, each carrying a big fat mouse. Tiger followed sleepily, without even so much as a baby mouse in his mouth. He looked very much ashamed, as indeed he should have looked to see what pretty Tiddlewinks and little Tinty had been doing while he was dreaming over in his corner.

"He was going to catch more mice than all the rest of us put together, because he is so big and strong and has double paws," laughed Tiddlewinks—for there are some things that are enough to make a cat laugh. Tinty solemnly blinked one of his big green eyes.

Tiger was so angry, most of all with himself, that his back rose in a hump and all of his striped fur stood up straight. He lifted one of his beautiful double paws and was just going to cuff Tinty when Mrs. Tabby caught it in her own paw.

Then Tiger said "m-e-o-w, m-e-o-w, m-e-o-w, spitzzzzz!" several times, in a way that should always mean a cuffing to any little kitten. Mrs. Tabby boxed his ears very hard, and told him that he must keep still or be sent back to the carpet box to spend the day by himself.

"I could have caught more mice than all the rest of you put together, because I am big and strong, and have double paws, only I went to sleep," meowed Tiger whose skin was still smarting with the sharp cuffs Mrs. Tabby had given him. "If any mice had come out of my hole, I'd have waked up and caught them without any trouble."

"Tiger," said Mrs. Tabby, still holding her paw firmly upon him, "you are wrong: I saw a big, fat mouse come out of the hole beside you and walk around you, but you never knew it, because you weren't looking for your chance."

"Well, I'd have caught him easier than the other kittens, if only I'd been awake, because I'm bigger and stronger, and besides, the other kittens haven't double paws like mine," said Tiger, holding up first one and then the other of his fore feet.

"Tiger," said Mrs. Tabby, like the wise old cat she indeed was, "your size and your strength, and even your double paws are nothing but a disgrace to you so long as you go to sleep in your corner, and let a mouse get by you. A plain ordinary cat who is faithful will always catch more mice than a double-pawed Tiger-giant who goes to sleep."

It is faithfulness that counts, and a cat must always keep awake for mice!"

"Now, Tinty and Tiddlewinks," said Mrs. Tabby very kindly, "Here comes our master. After he has seen the mice, you may eat them for your breakfast."

"What is Tiger going to have for his breakfast?" asked Tiddlewinks with a tear in her eye.

"Don't you worry about Tiger," said Mrs. Tabby, blinking her eyes, "He is going to sit beside me and lick those double paws of his. He might as well learn just how much use they are to him in catching mice when he is fast asleep at his hole."

The Four-Legged Postman

ONCE upon a time there was a dog whose name was "Grip," which isn't the worst thing in the world for a bull dog to have.

When he was just a rolly poly bit of a puppy his master would put empty envelopes between his strong little jaws every time they walked home together from the village postoffice.

Sometimes Grip would drop the envelope from his sharp, needle teeth because he wanted to go into the butcher-shop and put his nose into the scrap basket under the cutting-table.

"Hold on, Grip," his master would say, coaxing him by the happy-place, "Hold fast. Home, Grip!"

Then Grip would walk slowly, very slowly, until he reached the next corner.

"Good Grip," the master would say. Then Grip's teeth would take a tighter hold on the envelope.

As the days went on the letters began to have something in them; after that came fat, stuffy newspapers, but Grip learned to carry them together.

One day Grip trotted proudly down the lane and climbed up the steps of the postoffice.

"Bowwow! Bowwow!" said he looking anxiously up at the cage where the postmistress lived.

"Here you four-legged postman," said the postmistress coming out of the "cage" and placing two letters and a newspaper in the dog's waiting mouth, "I'm afraid one of these letters has money in it. Home, Grip!"



THE FOUR-LEGGED POSTMAN CAME PROUDLY OUT OF THE
OFFICE WITH HIS MAIL.

The four-legged postman came proudly out of the office with his mail.

"Bowwow, Grip!" called a big setter with a wave of his broad yellow tail, "come along with me; it is a fine day for a run."

Grip never so much as opened his mouth for a dog-gone "No!" but closed his jaws the tighter.

"*Meow! Meow!*" cried a pussy-cat sitting on a low fence just above his head.

"I love to chase cats," growled Grip between closed jaws, "but I must go straight home."

"Here Grip," called the butcher boy, coming out of the shop with a basket of tid-bits. "Here's a bite for you."

Grip's tail began to wag but his eyes looked very sorry. Then all four feet took close hold on the sidewalk while every muscle quivered under the firm flesh. Still he didn't let go.

"Here, Touser," called the boy as Grip's friend next door came bounding up, "you'll have some, won't you?"

The four-legged postman shook with longing for the meat that was going down Touser's throat. His jaws let go ever so little, his teeth parted gently, his tail wagged faster and faster.

"I can drop the letters just a moment and pick them up again," he thought to himself.

"Drop them," barked Touser. "There's plenty for both of us. Nobody will ever know it."

Grip looked at the meat. Then he slowly clinched his under jaw, drew his body together, gave a spring and bounded up the village lane as fast as if he were chasing cats until he came to his own front door.

"I couldn't drop those letters not even for a piece of meat," bowwowed the postman dog to himself as he laid the two letters and the newspaper on the threshold. "I couldn't—, *I've been trusted!*"

The Tiger and the Crocodile

ONCE upon a time there was a magnificent tigress who was known as the queen of the jungle in which she lived. This tigress had two tiger cubs, Tigris and Felix by name.

Their home was in a part of India known as the *Sunderbunds*, which is another name for the great swamp at the southern end of Bengal, where the mighty rivers overflow their banks on the way to the Bay of Bengal.

This jungle home was one vast swamp, overgrown with reeds, canes and low growing palms which hid the mire beneath. The underbrush was filled with deer and wild boars, while the streams were swarming with huge crocodiles who kept their hideous mouths open for whatever they could devour.

There was no more beautiful tigress in all the jungle than the mother of the two cubs. It was a glorious sight to see her tramping her way through the long jungle grass while the hot Indian sun shone down on her gorgeous yellow coat with the black stripes. The cubs used to look at their mother and wonder how long it would be before their grayish coats and faint stripes would grow to be the same brilliant color.

"Mother," asked Tigris, "you aren't afraid of anything, are you? Not even a lion?"

"Why?" asked Mrs. Tiger, looking down upon her cub.

"I heard an elephant say the other day that a Bengal Tiger was as big and strong as a lion. And a lion is the most dangerous of all the other animals, isn't he, Mother?"

Mrs. Tiger walked on for a few hundred feet without making any answer. By and by she wheeled round and round in a circle three times after which she stretched her great body on the ground. She called the cubs who came and cuddled down beside her, one on each side, while she licked their faces lovingly.

"Mother," said Felix, "is it true that we are any relation to the animals they call cats?"

"Are we any relation to those wild cats, too?" asked Tigris, with a look at his mother. "If we are I am very much ashamed."

"The cat family are only poor relations," said Mrs. Tiger, dismissing the subject. "It is better for you cubs to be thinking about your own welfare than worrying about the relations you can not help."

The cubs dropped their proud heads humbly.

Just then there was a sound of wings and a beautiful bird of the tropics flew calmly overhead. The hot Indian sun shone brightly upon him making him to shine like some radiant jewel.

"'Knowledge is power,'" said Mrs. Tiger. "Strength and size are not everything. You see the bird that flies above our heads? It is little, compared to my great strength, but it fears me not. The bird has wings, and knowing this, rejoices in his safety."

The cubs watched the bird as it sped out of sight and then turned to their mother, "Tell us more," they said in one voice.

"You know your own strength: you need not fear the mighty elephant unless he comes with Englishmen and rifles, because you are more clever than he. You need not

fear the great buffalo, because you can lay him low and bear him to your lair. You need not fear the natives, although they go forth with spears against you. But you need fear the Englishman, because he bears with him an instrument that will strike death to your heart. It is not the man you need fear,—without the instrument, he dare not face so much as a young tiger.”

“Would he run if he saw us, then?” asked Tigris and Felix, looking very proud.

“He would,” answered Mrs. Tiger, smiling to herself under her chops.

“I’m glad we aren’t birds,” cut in Felix, “because if we were, we couldn’t fight all the other beasts and be kings of the jungle.”

“Don’t be too sure that you can beat all the rest of the beasts in the jungle, because there are a great many things that you don’t know about yet,” said Mrs. Tiger. “You must learn to keep out of the way of an elephant’s tusks, and to always see a panther before he sees you. Besides, there is that monster, the crocodile into whose mouth your father went.”

Mrs. Tiger stretched her great limbs, shook off her cubs, and rose slowly to her feet.

“Come with me,” she said, pointing to the dark underbrush that led down to the pool from which she had always guarded her cubs.

It was with difficulty that the young things followed in the path made for them by their mother’s body.

Mrs. Tiger drew the cubs suddenly to one side. “That was a cobra,” she said, looking back to the struggling eel-like form in the grass beyond.

The Tiger family made their way ahead very softly, for as you all know a tiger's foot is made of great pads,—just like cousin Pussy Cat's, only much larger.

Soon they drew near a pool which was almost hidden by the reeds that grew around it.

"Come, my cubs," said Mrs. Tiger, "I want you to look very carefully on the ground and see what footprints you can find."

"Here are some prints of little feet," said Felix.

"And here is a long deep place between the feet," added Tigris who followed close on Felix.

Mrs. Tiger shivered and gave a low, growling sound that echoed through the jungle.

"What is there to be afraid of?" asked Felix. "I could kill any beast with little feet like that."

"You know nothing of what you are saying," answered his mother sharply. "Your own father, The King of the Jungle, met his death at the jaws of this very crocodile I am about to show you! I know his tracks only too well. The little footprints look harmless, in spite of the mighty tail which leaves the long streak in the mud. But the beast is covered with a coat which nothing can go through. The bullets of the English soldiers, the swords of the officers, and even the teeth of a tiger are as nothing when it comes to making an opening in that coat of mail he wears."

The cubs looked as if they were afraid.

"You need not be afraid if you know enough to keep away from him," said Mrs. Tiger as she looked carefully down the stream.

"I'm not scared," said Felix, "because we're on land where we belong and the crocodile can't catch us."

"There's nothing like knowing when you are safe. That is a part of the knowledge I spoke of," said Mrs. Tiger very kindly.

Just then there was a sound of moving water, and something which the cubs had thought to be only a stone began to move itself through the stream.

"I'm not afraid of that thing," said Tigris, "why should anyone be afraid of a thing that looks like a fat snake on legs? It's not so big as a buffalo and you brought one to the lair last week."

"That's because you don't know. A tiger has more need to fear a crocodile than all the other beasts in the jungle! Until he knows it, his life is not safe. A tiger's teeth will not go through the horrible horny coat, so the crocodile can eat up the tiger before the tiger can hurt the crocodile."

"What makes tigers go near crocodiles?" asked Felix.

"Because they don't know how dangerous they are," answered Mrs. Tiger. "Beside that, the crocodiles know that tigers must drink and they lie hidden at the water's edge to catch them when they come at daybreak to quench their thirst."

"Why doesn't the tiger see the crocodile?" asked Felix.

"Because the crocodile knows a great deal," answered Mrs. Tiger. "He lies way down in the water as if he were just a big stone and then he pounces upon the tiger who bends his head to drink."

The cubs looked at their mother as if they would learn their lesson well.

Mrs. Tiger went on in the same low tone, "there is a

spot in his great horny body which is soft and thin. It is right that he should keep it out of sight—that chest and stomach of his, because any tiger who knew about it would deal him a death blow in this vital part. He has the knowledge that makes him turn his back to us always—, and ‘knowledge is power’— The crocodile has killed more tigers than all the natives of India by remembering this.”

“I’ll fight him when I am big,” said Tigris.



SUDDENLY THERE WAS A SPLASH.

“Do not, unless you are obliged to do so,” commanded his mother, “but do not forget that I have told you the only thing that can save you if that time should ever come.

“Now, cubbies, say it after me, ‘knowledge is power’!”

Two years later Tigris was known far and wide as the King of the Jungle in which he reigned among the beasts. No more splendid tiger ever wore stripes. Travelers far and wide had learned of the beast who dared face the boats as they passed up the stream.

One morning Tigris made his way through the long grass

to the pool where he drank, ever mindful of the crocodiles therein.

It was daybreak and the sun was low in the heavens. The world seemed one great silence as Tigris walked on his thick cushioned feet with a stealthy tread.

He bowed his head to drink.

Suddenly there was a splash followed by a pair of enormous jaws which opened wide.

Tigris knew what to do. Unconsciously his mind sped back to that day and hour when his mother had led him to this very stream and told him how the crocodile could be wounded on the lower part of his body.

With a mighty spring—and in less time than it takes to tell it,—the King of the Jungle hurled himself upon the crocodile with the open jaws. The upper teeth of the tiger struck upon the horny scales so that some of them were broken, but the lower teeth went in deep so that they entered the vital organs of the crocodile.

For a few minutes they fought, the tiger and the crocodile—until the pool was red with blood. After a while the crocodile ceased splashing about and the tiger walked slowly back to the lair where he found his mother and Felix.

"Come and see what I have been able to do," said the King of the Jungle as he led the way down to the pool in which his father had met an early death.

There stretched upon the edge of the pool lay the once-feared beast.

The Tigress and Felix growled for joy.

"Mother," said the glorious Tigris, King of the Jungle, 'Knowledge IS power'—if you had not told me what you

did way back in the old cub days, I would be in the grave of my father."

Here Felix pointed to the body of the crocodile which lay upon its hard, horny back through which no tiger's teeth could ever pass. "Yes, 'Knowledge is power,' " he said again as he made his way across the jungle which is in the land of the Sunderbunds.

The Giraffe and the Hippopotamus

ONCE upon a time there lived in the land of Africa, a giraffe whom the others nicknamed "Long Neck" because she was always admiring herself. The rest of the herd, of whom there were twenty, had grown very tired of her bragging. Whenever they would come to some dainty just out of reach of the rest of them, she would stand up very straight, hold her neck back and up, and then stretch out her long tongue until she reached it.

Now all this made the rest of them dislike her. "That Long Neck looks as if she were trying to lick a cloud off the sky," said an old giraffe who had talked to her in vain a great many times about her faults.

"I can't see why you giraffes don't like me any better," she said as they were all feeding together on the edge of the forest where the trees would not look over their heads.

The giraffes didn't look at her although a giraffe can look all around him without moving his head.

"I am taller and stronger and besides I have a longer neck than any other animal here," insisted the proud animal.

The herd went on munching, while the old giraffe said without even looking around, "That's just the reason: we'd like you a great deal better if you weren't any better than the rest of us. You're more trying than a seroot fly," she added whipping away one of these African pests with her skimpy tail.

The rest of the giraffes were very much pleased and

went on browsing as if there were no such a thing in the herd as a superior giraffe, but Long Neck was so angry that she began kicking her long hind legs sideways and whacking her neck from side to side.

"Of course if you don't want me here, I can leave," said the angry animal to the spotted backs which were all she could see, for the giraffes had hidden their faces in the acacias for fear that Long Neck would see they were laughing. "I'm going—Good-bye," she added lingeringly.

The sad giraffe made her way through a beaten track which led down to the river beyond. "Perhaps I may fall in when I go all by myself to take a drink," said Long Neck trying to comfort herself, "and then they will be very sorry that they treated me so unkindly."

"Well, there's one comfort," said she to herself, "there may not be any water deep enough to drown me with my long neck. What is that noise?"

Long Neck looked up to see a great animal drawing near. It looked like an elephant with its legs sawed off as it made its way slowly along.

"Hello, what's your name?" asked the giraffe, glad to see anybody who might appreciate her.

"Hippopotamus," grunted the animal.

"Do they call you by that awful name because you haven't any neck?" asked the giraffe holding her own as if trying to touch something out of reach.

"Well," answered the animal who wasn't as stupid as he looked, "it is sometimes as well to have too little of a thing as too much of it."

The giraffe couldn't believe her own ears, so she an-

swered back, "What are you doing out of the water where you might keep yourself out of sight?"

"I came out to find politeness," said the hippopotamus who tried to look stupid because he really knew that he had come out to find some land food.

"Does it grow here? Politeness, I mean?" asked the giraffe who didn't know half as much as she thought she did. "Perhaps your neck is so short that you can't reach it."

"I have looked as high as your head," answered the hippopotamus, "but I haven't been able to see any."

"Well," said the giraffe to whom all roads led to Rome, "don't you wish that you had a neck like mine instead of your own pig neck?"

"H'm," said the hippopotamus quietly, "I heard a man on a boat say that you never could carry that head of yours on such a ridiculous neck if that head weren't made partly of air-cells to keep it from being top heavy. It's just as well to be like folks. Maybe you wouldn't be so empty headed."

The giraffe didn't know what to say so she had to let the hippopotamus have the last word.

The two went on their separate ways until morning.

The giraffe who thought that the sun had risen for her benefit started out to take an early walk when she came to a pit laid in the pathway that led up from the river.

"What's this for? As sure as I'm alive," she said, "I do believe that it's a pit and that that short-necked creature who was so impolite to me last night is in it. I'm glad of it; it's just what he deserves."

"Hello," she called down more cheerfully than was

polite, "Don't you wish you had a neck like mine? You might get a chance to see out of that place you're staying in."



DON'T YOU WISH YOU HAD A NECK LIKE MINE?

"What good would it do me to look out so long as I'm caught?" asked the hippopotamus, "I told you last night that I had rather be like other folks and I mean it."

"Whizz, Whizz," went a long rope from unseen hands. It whizzed around Long Neck's empty head and then fell down around her long, long neck. She was lassoed by the men who had laid the trap for the hippopotamus!

"It was dead easy work catching this last one," said one

of the hunters dropping from a tree, "that small head and steeple neck of hers make her a easy mark."

The hippopotamus looked up out of the pit and smiled at Long Neck. "You see you wouldn't have been so easy to catch," he said, "if it hadn't been for that long neck of yours."

"Well, they know it's unusual at any rate," answered the captive who was stupid enough to enjoy any sort of appreciation.

The two animals were carried as prisoners across the land until they came to a big ship where they were led down a plank walk into a place where it was very dark and stupid. Pretty soon the ship began to roll and pitch and then it wasn't so stupid. The giraffe and the hippopotamus were thrown from one side to another until it seemed as if they would be killed.

But it was worse than that—they were sea sick.

"It must be hard to be sea sick when it's such a long distance from your stomach to your mouth," remarked the hippopotamus who was glad to find someone worse off than himself.

The giraffe didn't answer. She knew that whatever she said wouldn't go down.

"You'll eat your own words yet," went on the hippopotamus secretly very much pleased at the sight of the giraffe's misery. "You'll live yet to wish yourself like folks."

"Don't talk about eating," gasped the giraffe forgetting her neck for once, "I'll never eat anything again until I'm dead and buried, and I don't care what happens to me then."

And so it went on for endless days and nights until the two animals found themselves in a circus.

"Well, we shall have a chance to see the world," said the hippopotamus trying to make the best of it.

"The world will have a chance to see me," said the giraffe who really believed that that was all that there was left her to be thankful for.

The life was a hard one on both of them; the hippopotamus had only a tankful of water in which to swim instead of a riverful, while the giraffe had only a small bagful of air at the top of her cage to stick her head out through.

"Oh dear, Oh, dear," said the giraffe, without thinking "I wish I hadn't such a long neck."

The hippopotamus looked up.

"Such a low cage," said the giraffe correcting herself hastily.

"Look here," said the hippopotamus, "the murder is out and you might as well own up to it. You've come to find out that everything in this world is made for the general run of people and it pays to be like folks. No longer, no shorter, only just like the average. If you've got a yard too much neck the circus company and the railroad and the President of the United States can't change all their plans for you. You've simply got to be uncomfortable and get along with things as they are."

"You are right, Hippo," answered the giraffe who had learned a great many things these latter days, "it pays to be like folks, but I've had to belong to a circus to find it out!"

The Lame Duck

ONCE upon a time there was a family of ducklings who lived with Mother Duck on a poor little backwood's farm. The first thing the little creatures could remember was looking around them and wondering what the world outside an eggshell could mean—that was all they thought as one by one, they began to waddle around on shaky legs with bits of the shell still sticking to their wet little coats.

Do you know, dear children, that a baby duck is just as yellow and soft as a canary bird? His baby clothes are so pretty that it seems too bad he ever has to grow up at all.

Mother Duck was very proud of her little brood and took the best care in the world of them. When it was cold, she would cover them with her great white wings as they all cuddled into the nest of straw. Their home was just a tiny bit of a house, made out of an old dry goods box with a pointed roof of two boards nailed together. There was a door that opened out into a square yard fenced in with wire-netting, within which the ducklings found their playground. Their food was brought to them by the two children who lived in the cottage.

It was a pretty sight to see all the downy yellow heads cuddled around one big dish, as they pushed in their greedy little bills.

After the children had fed the ducks they would pour fresh water into the low earthen fountain which was used to keep the little creatures from wetting their backs, which for some strange reason, is the last thing a duckling wants to do. It was fun to watch them drink, for they would hold

their necks back to let the water run down their long throats after each swallow.

As the ducklings grew larger the wire fence was taken away that they might go out and scratch for themselves. At first they went only a few feet from the bit of a house where they had spent all their short lives, but after a while they learned their way down to the brook that ran through the valley below which was the loveliest place in the world, all swampy and overgrown with reeds and rushes.

The brook had a voice—it must have had, because it talked all the time in the sweetest tones. It couldn't say "Quack, Quack," to be sure, but it made a much sweeter sound. The ducklings would paddle in and out over the hillocks until they reached the pond beyond the brook and stay from sunrise until sunset. First, they would dip their bills into the water, then plunge their long necks, then they would dive for eels and pollywogs and minnows, or anything else they could find.

By this time you could hardly tell the ducklings from Mother Duck, because they had shed their yellow coats and were wearing white ones like her own. The children loved to go down to the pond and watch these great white birds swimming in the blue water which was almost hidden by the green rushes waving around it.

One day there was a great quacking by the side of the pond, on the path that led down through the rushes. The ducks seemed to be struggling for something which lay beneath them on the ground. They quacked sharply, flapped their wings and snapped with their bills until it seemed as if they would eat each other. All but one duck—and he was lame. The poor little fellow had wad-

dled slowly toward the others but could take no part in the fight.

Just then Mother Duck swam up and called out, "What is the matter, my poor little Duckie?"

"The others have a young frog, Mother," said the Lane Duck, "but I got here too late to try for my share."

"I'm glad of it," said Mother Duck, shaking out her feathers, "You'd better eat nothing bigger than *pollywogs* all your life than fight for frog flesh."

The wrangling went on until all of a sudden, Diver, the largest one of the family, gave a big gulp and worked his neck back and forth as fast as he could.

"Diver's got him!" quacked the others in an angry voice as they watched the tidbit go out of sight.

"Diver," said his mother, "I am ashamed of you, making such a quacking over one miserable little frog who hasn't lived long enough to learn to croak yet."

The rest of the family nodded their approval as they looked at their big brother.

"You are all of you to blame," Mrs. Duck went on, "Diver only happened to be the lucky one. Now, you may all of you waddle as fast as you can up to the hill behind the house and stay until it is time to go to bed. You can't play near the water again today."

The ducks went slowly up the hill, not daring to give so much as a single quack for fear of a good pecking from Mother Duck's sharp bill.

"Mother," said the Lane Duck, "I am so unhappy. It's no fun to be lame and always be out of everything. Why was I born lame? Was it because I was ever naughty?"

"No, Duckie," said Mrs. Duck looking sadly down at his poor foot, "it only happened, that's all. It's as hard for me as it is for you to see you this way."

"What can I do about it?" asked the poor creature, looking as if he hadn't a friend in the world.

"You must make the best of it, and forget it," answered his mother.

"I can't forget it. It won't let me. I can't get there with the rest of the family because I have only one good foot. It just sticks in my crop," said Duckie, who knew that this was the worst way a bird has ever been known to feel.

"I understand, you poor little fellow," said his mother, "but we must all bear our share of trouble in this world. You may yet live to see that you are not the most unhappy little duck in the world after all. Sometimes if we endure our troubles with courage a great happiness comes to us when we least expect it."

"How do we know that it will come?" asked the young duck.

"Because if we make the most of what we do have, it can not fail to come," answered his mother. "Be brave and patient about this poor foot and perhaps it may be the means of making everybody love you."

"The children up at the house call me 'The Lane Duck,' " said the little cripple.

"That is because they are sorry for you. 'Pity is akin to love' which is the greatest thing in the world. Now, the next time they speak to you, just quack politely and look them straight in the face as if you were like other ducks. Don't waddle off and try to hide yourself under a

bush, for nobody else thinks half as much about that poor foot as you do."

The lame duck remembered all that his mother had said to him and the next day when the children came out, he quacked politely and looked straight at them as if he didn't want to run away and hide under a bush.

"Why, that lame duck is tame after all," they said in surprised voice. "Poor little fellow, let's feed him some of this nice soft grass."

Duckie ate from their hands although he could have pulled up a square yard of grass with his strong bill while they were thinking about doing it.

The children passed on while Mother Duck smiled at her duckling and said, "You're coming on all right. Just keep it up!"

The next day the children came out and fed him again. This time it was something nice from their own table—Duckie didn't know what.

He was just as polite as a duck could be, so much so that he allowed the children to stroke his soft white neck and smooth his feathers.

He didn't peck even when they stroked them the wrong way.

"He's such a nice duck, I'm sorry he's lame," said the boy one day.

"That's why I liked him in the first place," said the little girl, "but when you know how nice he is you never think anything about it. He's lots bigger than his lame foot, you know," she said smiling down at Duckie.

And so it went on for weeks until the weather grew colder and there was a thin coat of ice around the pond in the

early morning. One day, Duckie heard the family talking.

"It's most Thanksgiving," said the widowed mother to her children, "and it's time to crate the ducks and send them into town. I know we can't afford to lose the money, but I have planned to keep one for our own dinner. It will be almost as good as having a turkey."

Ducky felt just the way he did the night the lightning struck the big tree outside the coop. The children began to cry, "Oh, don't let the lame duck go. We just love him."

"You forget how poor we are since your father died," said their mother.

But the children only cried, "We want to keep the lame duck."

The mother thought for a minute. "Children," she said finally, "I am going to give you your choice: you may keep the lame duck for a pet or you may have him for—"

"We'll keep him and go without our dinner," cried the children. "We just love him."

Duckie went back to tell his mother all that he had heard that day.

"They are good children," said Mrs. Duck, looking very sad. "What did I tell you, my duckie? It is that poor lame-foot of yours that has made them love you. You can't just pity a person who is brave, you must learn to love him."

Duckie said, "I've found out that you are right."

"Love and sympathy are the things our world needs most," went on Mrs. Duck, "and that is why some of us must suffer—just to let the others be sorry for us. It makes them better."

"I've forgotten all about my lame foot since they've been so good to me," said Duckie.

"So has everybody else," answered his mother.

Duckie didn't sit *on* anybody's Thanksgiving table; he sat *at* one, the guest of honor with a ribbon around his neck. He was "stuffed" with bread and butter and cranberry sauce and cornbeef, which was all the family in the cottage behind the hill had for dinner.

The Sacred White Elephant and the Sacred White Monkey; Or “Noblesse Oblige”

ONCE upon a time,—and the time was not so long ago,—there roamed through the land of Siam a herd of elephants who ploughed deep into the jungles, trampled through the forests and swam the rivers, under their leader the mighty “Tusker.” Tusker led them where the water was most plentiful and where the herbage was thickest. Sometimes they would come across a grove of coconuts which the elephants would trample under foot until the juicy milk came out. Then they would take up the open fruit with their handy trunks and put it into their mouths. In the night time the herd would sometimes come out into the open, feeling their way carefully along with their big round feet. In the daytime they would keep under cover of the trees of the forest and the thick jungle grass.

Sometimes this roaming herd would see an elephant with a man riding on his head. But the elephant never did them any harm—all he did was to drive them now to the east, now to the west and then go away again.

The whole herd were a dull gray excepting one elephant who was a dirty drab color with a few white hairs on his head and tail. The others called him Albino and laughed at him until he used to cover himself with all the mud puddles that he could squirt out of his long trunk. One day when they had been teasing him more than usual he thought in his elephant mind “I wish that I could be like

folks,"—of course "folks" to him meant every other elephant.

The reason he was so discouraged was that the rainy season was beginning to get on his nerves.

One day when the herd were only a few miles from the ancient capital, Ayuthia, a very strange thing came to pass. A mammoth elephant with enormous tusks came out to greet the herd. Slowly and calmly he made his way up to them and asked them to follow him. Perhaps he knew of cocoanut trees and young bamboos, thought the elephants on the front and so they followed their would-be leader. Had he not come out to meet them?

The great creature walked over the brush down to the water's edge and cautiously stepped in, the others following as sheep follow their leader over a wall. Some of the elephants didn't want to follow but they were pushed along with the others until at last the herd of Tusker were all swimming across the river led by an elephant who had been a stranger to them but an hour before.

It is always easy to follow anyone along a broad and pleasant path.

After they reached the other side of the river they clambered up the bank on to dry ground from which they saw in the distance a great grove of trees.

"Elephants," trumpeted Tusker, "I don't like the looks of our friends in the distance who are carrying men on their heads! They are leading us somewhere not for our own good. Why should an animal with brains in its head like a man come out to do *us* honor? Let us turn back."

The elephants turned one and all to follow their old leader, but it was too late. Guard elephants with spears-

men stood to the right of them, to the left of them, in front of them and in back of them.

The herd could only go ahead whether they would or not until they reached a great enclosure which opened into a smaller one known as the "paneat."

A mighty shout went up from the thousands who stood around the high wall.

Albino held his head low for fear that the crowd were making fun of his pale skin. Suddenly a roar went up from the multitude until the place shook as in a storm. Many of the men fell upon their knees and bowed their faces to the dust.

"A white elephant! A White Elephant! A WHITE ELEPHANT!" they shouted louder and louder. "Now shall we triumph over our enemies! Long live the white elephant! Long live the kingdom!"

Albino knew that everybody was looking at him and that made him just as uncomfortable as it does some of us smaller creatures.

For how was he to know that he was the most sacred thing in all Siam, a white elephant? How was he to know that his image was carved on all the public buildings, the temples and carried upon the national flag?

And all because an ancient legend says that some day a monarch shall appear who shall rule every nation under the sun. There are seven things by which the monarch shall be known—one of which is a white elephant.

Elephants with men upon them came up to Albino and stood around him so that he could not move. Then a man threw out a piece of rope with a coil at one end of it which caught under one of Albino's great round feet. Suddenly it

was pulled tight up around his knee and the other end made fast to a giant tree.

The white elephant was a prisoner indeed. He tried to get away but he could not for the rope held him as fast to the tree as the roots held the tree to the ground. Then Albino gave a mighty howl and trumpeted so loudly that the



THE WHITE ELEPHANT WAS A PRISONER INDEED.

other elephants fell into a panic. Some of the natives grew sick with fear because they believe that the soul of some departed prince lives within this sacred animal, and it is not well to make him angry.

He squirted all the water out of his trunk over his head and shoulders and lashed his trunk against the tree until it

seemed as if he would kill himself, trumpeting loudly all the while.

After a time there was nothing left for him to do but lie down and go to sleep—so tired was he from giving way to the temper which was stronger than himself—although he could have easily dragged three tons.

A few days later Albino was tied by silken cords to a mighty post until all the princes and nobles whom the King had sent came to do him honor. They fell on their knees before him and gave him gifts of priceless value.

"I am glad that I am not expected to carry them around on my back," said Albino who little dreamed where all this was to end. He just ate up the sugar cane they gave him and enjoyed the present moment which perhaps is the best thing to do after all.

Then ambassadors came from the King to guard Albino while the tamers taught him how to behave himself while he was being worshiped. It was not long before he was polite enough to be led down to the new capitol, Bangkok, where the King himself came out to meet him.

After a royal christening Albino was led to his new home which was a palace fit for a prince to live in.

This isn't like the fairy stories, for Albino didn't "live happily ever afterwards." Albino didn't like his new home. To be sure he had no end of clothes or blankets, embroidered as beautifully as the King's own, kept in carved chests to be worn on sacred days. He even wore a crown upon his forehead with his name written thereon.

He never need have been lonesome, for besides the white monkey who lived close to him (a white monkey is another of the things the King who shall conquer all nations is

known by) he had the constant company of hundreds of yellow robed priests who sang him to sleep and hundreds of dancing girls who sang him awake. Then he had the best of everything to eat,—the finest vegetables and the rarest fruits. Everything was cut up and ready for him,—his sacred feet were not meant to trample open cocoanuts.

Albino fell into a decline which puzzled the court. Although the chief surgeon was a small man he didn't dare to refuse when the King sent him to rub chillies into Albino's eyes,—for that is the way the elephants in Siam always take their medicine.

It smarted but it didn't do any good. Albino was just pinning his life out for a tramp in the jungle and a trunkful of muddy water.

"Look here, you elephant," said the sacred white monkey with a wise pucker of her wrinkled forehead, "do you know what folks say?"

"Who are 'folks'?" answered the elephant, "and what do you know about them?"

"I'm cousin to folks, I am," said the sacred white monkey standing up against the bars, "because my great, great, great, I don't know how many times great grand uncle was the *missing link*."

"What's that?" asked the elephant, "what do you know about him?"

"Nothing at all," said the sacred white monkey, "only there is the family tradition which may account for people looking like us. The family tree died at its roots when Adam tended the garden which is east of the Euphrates, so I can't prove anything of course."

"What good does that do you?" asked the elephant rather crossly.

"It does me a great deal of good," snapped the monkey, "because people, some of them, believe that folks came from monkeys."

"Humph!" answered the elephant swinging his trunk, "then why can't monkeys makes themselves folks instead of sitting up in cages and being worshiped?"

"They could once," chattered the sacred white monkey in a rage, "but a voice called out 'Time's up' a few thousand years ago and monkeys have had to keep on being monkeys ever since, although some folks have succeeded in making monkeys of themselves," added the monkey.

"Well, I am much larger than you are," said the elephant who couldn't brag about his family.

"But look at my hand," said the monkey holding out her almost human fingers. "There is no other living animal with a paw like this. It is a *hand*!"

The elephant didn't even look up but held out his trunk, "Do you see this trunk of mine?" he said, "Well, it has forty thousand muscles in it. You haven't that many in both of your paws put together."

"My hands," corrected the monkey.

"What do you stay here for, anyway?" asked the elephant turning the subject. "Is it because you are a cousin to folks?"

Mrs. Monkey looked down on the elephant in pity. "The reason that I am here is because I am the sacred white monkey; the reason that you are here is because you are the sacred white elephant. We belong to the Kingdom; we are not our own."

Albino was surprised, "I knew there was something queer about me," he said, "or else I would be allowed to go out and carry folks on my back instead of having them get down on their knees to me."

The sacred white monkey folded her hands piously across her hairy chest, "No, you do not," she said. "You see that some folks in this world are not like other folks. They are obliged by nature and by birth to live for others. The King lives for his kingdom; he can not go where he will, he can not even sleep alone, for fear his life may come to harm. It is not a happy life but he endures it for the sake of his people."

The sacred white monkey paused for breath and then went on, "The fate of a kingdom hangs on you and me,—we can not go where we will, do as we will, nor seek our own pleasure in any way. Our motto is the motto of Kings, 'Noblesse Oblige.' "

"Does that mean that I ought to stay here and be stuffed until I am bilious?" asked the elephant who wasn't so stupid after all.

The sacred white monkey nodded.

"It's a hard thing for an elephant to be bilious, because there is so much of him to feel miserable," said Albino whose eyes were still smarting with the chillies.

"It is harder on you than it is on me," allowed the monkey very politely, "for you see I am small enough to get a good deal of exercise even in this small place."

"It isn't because you are small," corrected the elephant, "it's on account of being relation to folks. If I were any relation to those idiots who sing us to sleep and sing us

awake and stuff us with food more than sufficient for us, I might learn to endure it for the sake of family pride."

"That isn't it," said the monkey, "I have shown you the *divine* way of looking at it."

"I thought you said you were most *human* the other day," said the elephant winking one of his red eyes.

"I meant the *religious* way of looking at it," said the monkey folding her shapely paws across her hairy chest, "I mean this motto, '*Noblesse oblige*.' Doesn't it mean anything to you? You *are* thick skinned."

The elephant didn't answer.

The monkey went on: "Buddha, to whom these heathen pray, gave up all that he owned to help his fellow men."

"Well, then," said the elephant, and not without reason, "why can't they give *me* up then?"

"Because they need you to help them. That ought to make you willing to stay here. Now look at this matter from a common sense standpoint. You're here and you can't get away. Besides I've got you to live with. You seem sort of like a cousin to me, more than *folks* do even," owned the monkey wiping a tear from her homely face.

The elephant caressed her with his long trunk.

"We can't run away from our duty. That goes without saying. And if you don't learn to glorify the place nobody will ever think of you after you are dead."

"Dead?" asked the elephant, "I'm in my prime. I'm but eighty years old. When I think of most a hundred years more of this adoration, I wish my days were as the grasshopper."

"Albino, do not fear," answered the white monkey look-

ing at him through her tears, "You will not have to live out so many years of this life because your health won't stand it. You will die young, but it will be a short life and a glorious one, for you will die a sacrifice to the nation which worships you."

The elephant stood still for a long time, then he asked, "And you, how long can you live in this cage here?"

"Not much longer," answered the sacred white monkey, "but I do not care. I am glad that I am one of those to whom it is given to do great things for others. I am more than willing to live up to my birth and position, for it is only as they are lived up to that they are worth having."

"You are right," said the elephant, "but it is a hard thing to do."

"The harder the more worth while," answered the monkey chattering in her usual cheerful voice, "I ought to know because I am a sort of relation to folks."

" 'Noblesse oblige,' " said the elephant.

" 'Noblesse oblige,' " answered the monkey.

The Selfish Ostrich

ONCE upon a time there was a family of twelve ostrich chicks who lived with Mother and Father Ostrich in a part of South Africa known as "the Karroo."

Mother Ostrich wore a coat of soft gray while Father Ostrich wore a coat of shining black. Both of them had the most beautiful long, white feathers hanging from their wings and tails, the kind of feathers which are known the world over as "ostrich feathers." The chicks used to open their wide little mouths every time Mother and Father spread their wings, for the white plumes would float all around their bodies like a great white wreath.

The chicks hadn't any pretty feathers yet. They wore homely, scrubby little coats of striped brown and gray and black, with a tiger-skin collar. The only pretty part of the chick is his neck which is a sort of striped plush.

They were a happy family, for life on the farm was very pleasant. For the first three months they lived near the farm house because it was safer. The native boys used to watch over them and cut up prickly pear leaves and other greens to keep them from being hungry. A baby ostrich can't eat stones like an old ostrich.

Mother and Father Ostrich were very careful all the time to see that the cross old ostriches kept away from their brood, because the old ostriches sometimes kill the little ones with one blow of their strong legs.

Every morning Mother Ostrich would sit down in the sand and gather her chicks in a circle around her to teach them their lesson for the day.

One day she said to them, "do you know why you were put into this world?"

"How did we get here?" asked little Head-in-the-Sand, "I don't remember anything about that part of it."



THEY WERE A HAPPY FAMILY!

"You came out of a great big egg," said Mrs. Ostrich, "it was big enough to make a meal for a bushman's family."

"Why didn't they eat the egg then?" asked Head-in-the-sand. "Did I come near not being hatched at all?"

"You were not eaten before you were a chick because a chick is worth more to the world than an egg, even if it is big enough to feed a whole family. You were safe, because you promised to be of value in the world."

"I broke the shell all to pieces when I came out, didn't I?" asked Head-in-the-Sand, "wasn't that too bad?"

"No," said Mrs. Ostrich, "because the shell was of no value except as it kept you warm and cozy all those long weeks when your Father and I sat on you by night and by day."

"But don't folks eat us sometimes?" asked Stone-Swallower, "I heard someone say that we tasted like 'turkey' only we were tougher. What is a turkey, Mother?"

"A turkey?" said Mrs. Ostrich, shutting up her large, soft eyes as if to think, "a turkey is a foreign bird who is always eaten up."

"Oh, isn't that dreadful?" asked the little chicks looking very much frightened. "Will anybody eat us up, too? We are so frightened when we think of the big fat cook with the black face."

"You will not be eaten like a turkey, because you are of more use as you are. A turkey is of no use until he is dead and swimming in gravy."

"O!" said the chicks, opening their mouths and drawing their scared little heads in a closer circle around their mother, "We are so glad that we are not turkeys!"

"What are we worth to anybody?" asked Vain-little-Ostrich who was always looking at his awkward little body whenever he could find a pan of water for a mirror. "When are we going to have beautiful plumes like yours and Father's?"

"Your wings will grow by and by, if only you have patience and do your best to become big and strong. At first you will have only scrubby feathers like quills, but by and

by, when you are three years old, they will be almost as long as your Father's and mine are."

The chicks looked proudly at their mother.

"Your feathers will be well worth plucking then."

"Plucking," asked Vain-little-Ostrich. "What's that?"

"It means taking out the feathers from your wings and tail," answered Mrs. Ostrich proudly, "these feathers of ours are so beautiful that ladies all over the world will pay great prices to wear them in their hats and bonnets. Ladies who go to Court must wear them in their hair."

"Well, if they keep us just because of our feathers, why do they keep old Feather-Boy that the children ride on sometimes around on the farm. He hasn't any feathers."

"It is just as I was telling you," explained Mrs. Ostrich, "Feather-Boy is treated kindly now by the family because he once grew such long, white feathers for them that they called him by this beautiful name. Now that he is old and hasn't any feathers they are only too glad to be kind to him because of the use which he has been in the past."

Mother Ostrich stopped talking right here, for it was time for luncheon.

The months went by and then the years until the ostrich chicks wore plumes as beautiful as the ones they had admired on their mother and father. They were a little shorter, that was all the difference.

Vain-little-Ostrich had grown such fine plumes and was so proud of them that his name had been changed to "Proud-of-his-Feathers."

Plucking day was a sad one for this foolish bird, because he had always lived for himself and had never had a thought beyond his own beauty.

The ostriches were all driven into a fenced-in place at one end of which was the "plucking box,"—a sort of closet with two doors, one of which opened into this enclosure and the other into another enclosure beyond it.

"Proudy," as they called him for short, watched his friends with their floating plumes go into the box one by one and disappear.

"I don't like that place," said Proudy. "When my turn comes, I shall kick and kick hard."

And so he did with all his might, but one of the Kaffirs (a native) hit him such a blow with his tackey (a thorned stick) that for a minute he forgot that there was such a thing as feathers.

Smarting and stinging, Proudy was hustled into the box which he found to be so small that it was no use for him to kick any more. There were two men, one on each side who broke off his plumes one by one until there were no more left. (Proudy didn't know it, but later on the Kaffirs would pull out all the stumps with their teeth.)

After a few minutes the cross old bird found himself shoved into the next yard with the door of the plucking box closed behind him.

It was a sad sight! Not an ostrich had a wing or a tail feather left. Among the sorry looking crowd he found his mother and father, but they were so changed that he hardly knew them.

Proudy ran over to his mother as he used to do when he was a chick and tried to hide beside her.

His mother rustled her bare wings as if she would try to comfort him, for that is the way a mother bird speaks.

But Proudy gave a great loud roar that sounded like a

lion, "My feathers, O, my beautiful feathers!" he cried in rage.

The other birds all looked up. "I'm so ashamed," said Proudly to himself, "I shall put my head in the sand and then nobody can see how homely I am."

You children all know that an ostrich believes that if he can only cover his head nobody will ever see him.

Mrs. Ostrich said, "Come, Proudly, show some sense and take your head out of the sand! Why are you so frightened? You didn't act this way when they took your chicken feathers off."

"I didn't mind being hurt, and I wasn't scared," answered the unhappy ostrich, "but my feathers, my feathers! And just when they were so long and beautiful."

"But didn't you know that that was the time for plucking?" asked Mrs. Ostrich, smiling to herself.

"But why couldn't they have left me just one feather when I had twenty-four in each wing and some more in my tail?" roared Proud-of-his-Feathers.

Then he put his head down in the sand again.

"Look up here," said his mother.

"I wouldn't have cared so much, if they hadn't been so pretty," he roared again and again until all the rest of the eleven came running up in a circle to see what the matter was. They all stood around their mother as in the days when they took her lessons to heart.

"We are all put here for a reason," she said, preaching a sermon on the same text as on that morning three years ago, "and the reason isn't to look handsome. That is a very small matter compared with being useful. We must

give our best to others, for it is demanded of us and we should do it cheerfully."

Just then a beautiful bird with green feathers flew overhead.

Proudy looked up and asked, "Why can't I keep my wings like that bird?"

Mrs. Ostrich smiled, "perhaps that bird may not be able to keep himself, let alone his wings. Some cruel person may shoot him and then he will be stuffed and put on somebody's hat for the rest of his days. Be glad that your life is spared."

"I could fly, couldn't I?" asked Proudy, still looking up, "if they would only let me keep my feathers until they are long enough?"

"No, you could never fly," said his mother, "because you are what is known as a 'ground bird,'—you are too heavy to ever carry yourself into the air. You couldn't do it if you had all the feathers in Cape Town on your wings."

"I wanted to stay handsome," Proudy grumbled on, "I wanted those plumes all for myself just when they were so pretty. I haven't anything left to think about."

"I don't believe you have," said Mrs. Ostrich so much out of patience that she all but gave him a kick, "but whoever would have stopped to think about you if your plumes weren't taken off and carried all over the world? Perhaps one of those precious feathers you are crying for may be worn at the coronation of a king and queen. Who knows?"

Proudy looked happy for just a minute, then he asked, "Will they let me keep my feathers for myself next year?"

"No," said his mother.

"Nor the year after that?"

His mother shook her head.

"Well," said Proudly, "I don't want to have to grow any more plumes as long as I live, if I have to let other people have them!"

"Mother!" asked Stone-Swallower, as he struggled with a stone you could see winding around his skinny neck, "Mother, do you suppose that the little girl who comes down to the pen to feed us prickly pear leaves will ever wear any of my feathers in her hat? I like that little girl."

Proudly looked up in a surprised way.

"I am sure the little girl will wear ostrich feathers in her hat when she goes back to England because the farmer has promised her the finest ones that he can find to put on her Sunday hat."

"She's a sweet little girl, isn't she, Mother?" asked Stone-Swallower, "she always gives me more leaves than she gives all the other birds put together. She is pretty, too, isn't she, Mother, with her blue eyes and yellow hair?"

Mrs. Ostrich nodded her head as if to say "Yes."

"Do you know, Mother," said Stone-Swallower looking very fine in spite of his bare wings and tail, "I like that little girl so much that I think I had rather have her wear my longest, prettiest plume than to wear it myself."

Stone-Swallower's eyes grew very soft and tender as he said this.

"It is a joy to be able to give one's best," answered Mrs. Ostrich, her own eyes growing very soft too, "and you have found it all out by caring more for the little girl's happiness than you do for your own."

"Feelings are more than feathers," said Stone-Swallower

very cheerfully, "and I am just going to get to work to raise the finest plumes I can for that little girl next year. I want to be useful."

There was another roar and Proudly was seen to whack his head against his hard body with blows that made the other ostriches pity him.

"I want my feathers for myself," he cried again and again.

"Poor old Proudly," said Stone-Swallower, "he is just thinking about himself and forgetting all about the pretty little girl with the blue eyes and the yellow curls who will wear his plumes for him."

Toaster

ONCE upon a time there was a big soft, gray, purry, pussy cat whose name was "Toaster."

Now Toaster was a town cat—all he knew about was roofs and fences and tiny back yards which weren't big enough to swing a cat in. He had never chased butterflies over fields of buttercups and daisies.

But Toaster had the kitty cat's cubby house which was the most beautiful place in all the world—that is, for a town-cat. The kitty cat's cubby house was a balcony cut out of a second story room in such a way that it seemed like a big cave on the outside with plate-glass windows on the back. The front of the cubby house was almost hidden by an old grape vine which spread its big green branches out to make a beautiful screen for the kitty cats. Long green boxes filled with overhanging flowers and plants were just one mass of sweetness and beauty. In the centre of the cubby house was a big bunch of catnip hanging by a string from the ceiling.

Now the place within was full of cats who knew that they had only to jump out of the windows onto the kitty cat's cubby house if they wanted to get down to the ground below. All they had to do was to climb over the grape vine up to a nearby roof and run along until they came to another vine farther on, from which they could drop to the ground.

The lady who lived within the house was the lady Katharine, or the Lady Kitty, as every child in the neighbor-

hood called her. For all the little children used to go to see the kitty cat's cubby house.

Toaster was one of the cats who lived in this happy place where life was all one purr from the time the milkman came in the morning until after the moon paled before the dawn.

"Isn't the sun just beautiful?" purred Toaster to the rest of the family who were basking in the sun. "If it didn't most put my eyes out I'd climb to the top of that church steeple and jump up onto the sun and take a long, long nap. Maybe I'd never come down again—it would be so warm up there."

"Maybe you wouldn't," purred a wise old cat blinking one eye at the rest of the family.

"If I could be warm enough for only once!" meowed Toaster who was just as comfortable at that moment as any cat could be. But Toaster just couldn't get warm enough to please his catship.

The wise old cat looked at him with a pucker in his forehead. "You have as much and more than the sacred cats of Egypt to make you happy. What more do you want? A pyramid to climb? Why don't you begin to enjoy yourself now?"

"Because you see I might be even warmer," meowed Toaster stretching his body to greater length to feel the warm rays of the sun on his great thick coat.

"Heat is a good thing," said the wise old cat, "but you might get too much of it."

"I couldn't," meowed Toaster shutting first one eye and then the other and opening his lazy mouth right in the wise

old cat's face, which isn't a polite thing for even a cat to do.

"You make me tired," yawned Toaster rolling over comfortably to take a cat-nap.



TOASTER WALKED SLOWLY ACROSS THE TABLE TO THE
LIGHTED LAMP.

"Well," smiled the wise old cat, "you'll have to get singed before you get sense."

"The sun must be sick," thought Toaster as the green grapes on the old vine turned a rich black and the leaves in the long boxes a yellow-green. "It's time I looked out for other friends."

"That big round thing indoors looks more like the sun than anything else I've seen."

That very night Toaster walked slowly across the table up to the lighted lamp. "It's lovely and warm," purred Toaster, ironing first one side and then the other of his thick, soft, furry, gray coat upon the round globe. "There is only one trouble—I can't get warm on both sides at the same time."

"There must be some place where I can be so warm I couldn't ask to be warmer," thought Toaster hugging his way round and round the lamp. "I'm going to find it if it takes me until I'm too old to run after the fishman."

"This place is warm and comfortable," purred Toaster the next night cuddling down under the stove in the library where the growing plants and cushioned lounges made the kitty cats feel very much at home. "But even this isn't all that I could wish."

"Why isn't it?" asked the wise old cat who lay snuggled up among the cushions on the lounge.

"Because I know in my bones that it might be better," meowed Toaster,—“I can't purr until I am so warm that I couldn't be warmer."

"H'm," answered the wise old cat with a grin, "You might get too warm for once."

"I don't believe it," meowed Toaster.

"Too much warm hurts just as much as too much cold," answered the wise old cat.

"I know what I'll do," thought Toaster as soon as the rest of the kitty cats had closed one eye apiece and were beginning to close the other. "I'm going to see if I can't get inside of that stove and be warm enough for once. If the outside is so comfortable, what must the inside be? There's a door just big enough to let me in."

Toaster waited until the other kitty cats were purring in their dreams of rats and mice swimming in rivers of cream. Then he walked around softly on his velvets until he came to the front of the stove where the door hung partly open. "Oh, look, look, look," meowed Toaster, "It's all red and yellow inside; it hurts almost like the sun when you look at it."

Toaster looked carefully around to see that none of the rest of the family were watching him because he wanted the stove all to himself. "The hour of all my life is come," he purred happily, "the hour for which I have waited ever since I was born. I fought for the bottom of the heap when I was a kitten, I've chased the sun around from one roof to the next, and I've most ironed my coat off on the lamp—but I've never been warm enough yet."

Toaster put both his paws up at once to open wide the stove door. At the same time he poked his nose into the opening.

"M-E-O-W! ! ! ! M-E-O-W! ! ! M-E-O-W! ! ! ! ! yowled Toaster dropping to the floor where he rolled backwards and forwards with such howls that all the rest of the family woke up—both eyes at once. Toaster stopped his noise only long enough to put his blistered paws into his blistered mouth.

"M-E-O-W!" yowled Toaster as he slowly hopped over to the cold window pane to ease his burning mouth. "It's hot! It's too hot!" meowed Toaster as he hopped along forgetting what he was saying before the wise old cat who was looking at him from among the cushions.

"I'll let you have the next mouse I catch because you aren't as young as you used to be," meowed Toaster to the

wise old cat who offered to lick his face for him. The wise old cat was kind as all wise people can afford to be.

"I'm sorry you had to get singed to get sense," he said looking at the young cat, "but it is ever thus. There are many things no wise old cat can tell a young one. He must find out for himself that too much of a good thing may be a bad thing."

That's all the great big soft, furry gray cat thought about until his nose and forepaws were well again.

Pussy Purrer

PUSSY PURRER crawled slowly along the edge of the wet roof looking for some little corner to "dry out" in. The clouds were still crying big drops of rain upon his rusty coat.

"If anybody hates water worse than a cat it must be another cat," thought Pussy Purrer to himself as he looked around for a dry spot to hide in. Even the place by the chimney was soaked.

"It's hard to keep on purring when you're cold and hungry, too, but I'm not going to stop, because my dear mother used to say to me, 'Pussy, purr, and keep on purring no matter what happens: then something will happen to purr for, everything comes to the cat who purrs.'"

"Mother used to say it was just as easy to purr as it was to growl if only you got your purring machine to running well. Hello! What can this be?" meowed Purrer looking at a wide open window in the house next door. "Let me see—I ought to know every roof in the neighborhood by this time. This is the other side of the house where the pussy cats have such a good time. The lady who lives here never goes off to the country and leaves them to look after themselves. Lucky cats! I wonder what the country is. Mother used to say it was a place which made a respectable cat a tramp three months out of the year.

"I've been taking my meals out now until I've learned how to get the cover off of every kind of a 'tin-pig' that any other self-supporting cat can. (My mother always



"GROWLY," SAID LADY KITTY
TAKING PURRER RIGHT INTO
HER ARMS.

used to call the bucket with the
'left-overs' in it the 'tin-pig.')

The underground kind were
never made by any friend
of ours. Times are
growing hard even for
cats."

Pussy Purrer leaned
over to take a long look.
"I think I'll give a good
big jump right down into
the room," thought
Pussy, getting ready for
a long spring from the
wet roof to the open
window.

Pussy Purrer landed
"thump" on all four wet
paws upon the thick
warm carpet. "Let me
see," he said looking
around him with both
eyes wide open, "the
thing which suits me best
is that soft white bed
over in the corner. I'm
going to curl up in that
big puffy quilt down at
the foot of the bed. I
wonder how many birds'
feathers it took to stuff

this thing. The family must be very fond of birds."

Purrer dried his wet coat by rolling slowly up and down the clean white counterpane. Then he curled up like a ball and went to sleep to dream that he was a little kitten once more all cuddled in his mother's big soft paws.

* * *

It was late when the Lady Kitty came in to close the window and draw the curtains. Then she lighted a beautiful little lamp with a rosy shade.

Purrer sat right up in the middle of the bed and looked at the Lady. "Purr, purr, purr," he said, trying very hard to purr right out loud although he was so frightened he wanted to hide under a chair.

The Lady Kitty smiled at Purrer just as if she had always known him. But she didn't know his name because she called him "Growly"—which isn't a pretty name for any pussy cat.

"Growly," said the Lady rubbing his fur the right way, "I'm glad to hear you purr: it's about time you began to be pleasant."

"I wonder if it wouldn't be better for me to try to get out of here," thought Purrer. "Why does she call me 'Growly,' I wonder? I don't like it."

"Growly," said the Lady Kitty, taking Purrer right into her arms, "poor old Growly, what makes you purr so beautifully when your coat is all wet and rough? How did you happen to get caught out in the rain?"

"Purr, purr, purr," answered Pussy Purrer with his soft face nestling beneath the Lady Kitty's chin.

"Wait a minute, Growly," said the Lady Kitty, "I'm going to get you a saucer of milk."

"Purr, purr, purr," answered Pussy Purrer who hadn't so much as had one lick at a milk bottle since his family went to the country.

In a few minutes the Lady Kitty came back with the warm milk in a clean, white saucer. "Poor Growly, poor old Pussy—all wet and cold. I don't want you to get sick now that you are beginning to be so polite to me."

Pussy Purrer knew that some mistake had been made. He looked at the lady—then he looked at the milk.

"Poor, wet Pussy, don't wait until the milk is all cold," coaxed the lady, gently putting Purrer's nose right into the saucer.

Purrer put out his pink tongue and lapped the fresh warm milk up as fast as he knew how.

"Poor Growly, you *are* hungry," said the Lady Kitty, "I'll get you another saucer of milk and a piece of fish."

"Purr, purr, purr," answered Purrer, licking his chops. "This must be Friday—that's the cat's lucky day."

Pussy Purrer ate his fish as politely as he knew how after months of standing on the narrow edge of a little "tin-pig."

"Purr, purr, purr," said Pussy Purrer so loud that you could hear his voice above the crunching of his teeth.

"You're better than a Bilikin," said the Lady Kitty, "because you smile out loud. I'm going to let you stay in here and sing me to sleep. That's right. Jump right up into the eiderdown."

"Purr, purr, purr," sang Pussy Purrer with blinking eyes as he curled his tail around him and went fast to sleep.

Next morning Pussy Purrer sang right out loud into the Lady Kitty's ear. "Purr, purr, purr," he said beginning

very, very softly and singing louder and louder until he sounded like a sawmill all by himself.

Pussy Purrer heard a low "gr-gr-r-o-w-l, m-e-o-w, m-e-o-w, *spitzz!*" and there stood another cat who looked enough like Purrer to be his twin brother. "What are you doing in my place?" he asked in cat language.

Pussy Purrer stopped purring only long enough to answer politely, "I jumped in the window last night to get out of the rain. My family are away for the summer."

"The Lady Kitty will know that she has made a mistake when she sees the two of us together. Maybe you didn't know that she kept you here because you look like me. She took you for me—*her own pet cat*. That's the only reason you weren't turned out of doors."

Purrer wanted to get away and hide under a chair, but in came Lady Kitty and took him right up into her soft, white arms, "You lovely, lovely purry pussy cat," she cried, "why have you kept this beautiful purr inside of you all this time? Naughty Growly."

"*M-e-o-w!*" cried Growly, coming from behind a chair and jumping up into the lady's arms, too.

"Why! Growly! Are there *two* of you? You dear little *new* pussy you. To think I thought all the time that my cross old Growly had learned to purr like that in a day. I ought to have had more sense."

Pussy Purrer sounded like a whole sawmill all at once as he cuddled under the Lady Kitty's soft round chin.

"Pussy, your family went away and left you, didn't they? and you kept on purring when you were wet and cold and hungry."

"Purr, purr, purr," said Pussy Purrer so loudly you could hear him in the next room.

"Your family left you—now you can leave your family. I'm going to keep you here to sing me asleep and sing me awake. I want you for my 'Biliken'; you purry pussy cat you!"

"*M-e-o-w, m-e-o-w! spitzzzzzzz. It pays to purr; I think I'll learn.*"

"Purr, purr, purr," sang Pussy Purrer cuddling down in the soft eiderdown where he had found a home.

The Caterpillar and the Butterfly

ONCE upon a time there was a caterpillar who didn't like to be a caterpillar at all; he wanted everybody to love him,—but of course nobody did except the other caterpillars. They didn't count.

The plants in the garden used to shake with fright when he crawled up their stalks to nibble off the green leaves above.

But the little girl in the garden screamed right out loud when he tried to climb up one of her stalks which was covered with a thick, wooly fibre.

"She looked so sweet that I wanted to eat her," sighed the poor worm as he lay on the ground where she had thrown him in her fright.

"Oh, dear," said the Caterpillar, hiding his head in the dust for very shame—"it's hard to be only a caterpillar! Look at that big black butterfly with the yellow spots on her over by my parsley bed. The little girl is chasing her and *she* is running away from the little girl. It's the same little girl who gave me this throw down."

A tear fell from the Caterpillar's eyes—for a Caterpillar has feelings, even if he is squashy and hasn't any bones.

"I wonder why it is," he questioned within himself, "that I have always wanted to be a butterfly. I've dreamed of being one until I think I must be—, when I'm asleep."

Just then the Butterfly flew merrily overhead and alighted on a rosebush with both her wings held straight up over her small body. The little girl looked right at her and



THE BUTTERFLY LOVINGLY KISSED A BIG PINK ROSE.

didn't know it, because the beautiful wings folded up inside out.

"Hello," called out the Butterfly, looking down at the Caterpillar, "it's a fine day for hide-and-seek; the trees are green, the sky is blue and—what is the matter?"

"There's nothing the matter with the *day*," sighed the Caterpillar, "the matter is with me,—I haven't any wings."

"Cheer up, you will have sometime," said the Butterfly, as she lovingly kissed a big pink rose.

"But how do I *know* that I shall have a pair of wings? I don't see them floating round here anywhere," snapped the Caterpillar who felt ugly enough to bore his way through the bark of a tree.

"Well," asked the Butterfly, "what's to keep you from spinning a cocoon the next time you shed that spotted, striped coat of yours? All you've got to do is to go to sleep and forget all about it; then before you know it, you'll wake up with wings."

"How do you *know* I will?" asked the Caterpillar.

"That's the way I got *my* wings," said the Butterfly fluttering in the breeze.

"How do you know I'll get mine? 'Seeing is believing' with me."

The Butterfly thought for a minute. "Do you know if the sun will rise tomorrow morning?" she finally asked as if this were the most natural question in the world.

"Of course it will," answered the Caterpillar who thought that the Butterfly must be very stupid to have any doubts about the matter.

"You really don't *know* that the sun will rise tomorrow morning; you only take it for granted because you have

seen it rise every morning so far," contradicted the Butterfly.

"H'm!" said the Caterpillar who had sense enough to see that she was talking over his head in more ways than one. "H'm! I don't know that I care to argue the matter." The unhappy creature turned his back and slowly crawled up a thick waving grass that looked as if a first cousin of his own were growing on the top of it.

"You used to be an egg once," continued the Butterfly who didn't care if the worm had turned.

"Don't remind me of the past," retorted the Caterpillar, who despised small beginnings.

"Then you hatched;" went on the Butterfly—"after that you got out of your baby clothes."

"I had to," said the Caterpillar. "They were so tight that they just split right up the middle of the back."

"You've had more than one new suit since," said the Butterfly who had watched him making the changes.

"That is nothing," said the Caterpillar, "for it is happening all the time."

"Well, if you can get one new suit, why don't you believe that you can get another?" asked the Butterfly. "The fact that it will need a bit more trimming on it needn't make any difference. It's just as easy for the Lord to make you a pair of wings when you shall have need of them as it is for Him to make you a new coat when you have need of it."

"I wish I could believe that," said the Caterpillar who began to think the Butterfly wasn't so stupid after all.

"You are just going through a stage in your existence."

began the Butterfly as if she were trying to remember something long forgotten.

"What's that?" cut in the Caterpillar.

"I heard the man who chased me with a net talking about it while I was hiding under a leaf. He said there was the egg, the caterpillar, the chrysalis and the butterfly."

"It's hard work getting your wings," groaned the Caterpillar who was thinking of all that he had to go through before he got there.

"Wait a minute, Crawler," said the Butterfly, alighting on the grass blade and whispering into one of the many ears on her friend's right side: "I will tell you a secret. Folks are waiting for wings, too! Their skins don't fall off: they only stretch. It hurts very much and they call it 'growing pains.' Besides this, they have bones on their insides and bones always ache. Folks feel a great many things in their bones."

"That little girl was the kind of animal you call 'folks,' wasn't she?" asked the Caterpillar, who didn't feel so sore now that he knew there was trouble enough for every living thing to get a share.

"Yes, she was 'folks,' or one of them," said the Butterfly. "She will keep on growing until bye and bye she will go into a long, deep sleep from which she will awaken with wings like the angels."

"Is an angel a kind of bird?" asked the Caterpillar who was always bound to find out everything there was to be known.

"I don't know," answered the Butterfly who knew that there were some things beyond her.

"I had heard of birds of Paradise and I thought perhaps—"

"You don't know anything about it," cut in the Butterfly. "All that I can tell you about it is that they wear something they call the flesh while they're here on earth. The flesh is what keeps folks crawling on the earth when their spirits would like to fly just like the angels. The spirit is 'the-want-to-fly' in them. I know all about it, Crawler, because I sat on the altar bouquet one Sunday and heard the man up in the pulpit tell the people that they were but worms grovelling here below. If they weren't worms of some kind, they'd get up and say so."

"I didn't know folks had trials like mine," said the Caterpillar who was beginning to find out a thing or two.

"I found out from the man who did the talking that the flesh is only a stage in *their* existence, as he called it. There are a great many things a human being has to go through before wing-time. He talked a great deal about you and me and told the people that they must expect to go through the same experience, too. He said that a Butterfly must always have been a Caterpillar first."

"I wish I had heard him myself," said the Caterpillar.

"So do I," said the Butterfly. "But, Crawler, to get down to what I've been trying to get at the last hour, I think it's about time you slipped off that skin of yours and made up your mind to spin a cocoon."

"How do I know I'll ever come out of it?" asked the Caterpillar.

"By trying it," said the Butterfly. "All you have to do is to swing yourself up 'long side a twig, and—get out of your old coat and spin a soft brown blanket to go to sleep

in. You'll sleep all your worry off and wake up to find your wings before long."

"I will do as you say," said the Caterpillar, "only I have nothing but hope—"

"Hope!" exclaimed the Butterfly. "Nothing but 'hope'! If you must know the truth, hope is all that folks have to live by, too."

"I'll do my best—and hope," said the Caterpillar, as the Butterfly spread out her great black velvet wings with the golden spots and floated into the air.

Then the Caterpillar slowly made his way up to the garden wall where he hung himself onto a twig and began very carefully to take off his old coat with the stripes on it. After a while he spun himself a brown silk blanket in which he wrapped himself for a long, long sleep.

A "Proud Cat" Story

CHRYSANTHEMUM ANGORA lay snuggled up in the bow-window among the baby orange-trees and rubber plants. The hanging baskets swung gently overhead.

All that anyone could see of Chrysanthemum Angora was a fluffy, puffy, yellow ball almost hidden under a yellow satin bow.

Chrysanthemum Angora pricked up her ears as she listened to a tiny rustling sound in the branches that overhung the house.

"It is my poor neighbor, Cracker Gray," she meowed to herself. "Just see him sliding along from branch to branch quicker than any of my poor cousins, those common cats. See him spread his bushy tail and come down *ker-flop* upon the piazza as if he had nine lives and one to spare. Now he's jumping right up into my window sill!"

"*Spitzzzzzz!*" scolded Chrysanthemum Angora like a whole soda water fountain all at once as she dug her claws into the carpet. "I don't see why my family have to put out peanuts and shell-barks and every other old kind of nut for that squirrel just as if he belonged here," she fretted in Pussy Cat language.

Cracker Gray jumped upon the window sill and picked up a nut talking pleasantly to himself all the while.

"There are more nuts than I can eat," he chattered smiling to the tips of his long whiskers. "Aren't the people in this house good to me? There are nuts enough to carry some back to my hole." Cracker seated himself

prettily on his haunches, curling his big fluffy tail gracefully up over his back to keep warm.

"Just see Cracker Gray holding the nuts in both paws and opening the shells with his teeth," meowed Chrysanthemum looking out the window at the happy little fellow.



CRACKER GRAY JUMPED UP ON THE WINDOW SILL AND PICKED UP A NUT.

"What's that animal on the warm side of the window?" chattered Cracker looking at Chrysanthemum whose eyes followed every motion of his long whiskers. "It's a pussy cat with too much hair and temper," he added as he whisked away a shell.

"*M-e-o-w! M-e-o-w!*" said Chrysanthemum aloud to the baby-orange trees and the rubber plants.

"*Chrr, Chrr, Chrr,*" answered Cracker cheerfully as he ate the good meat inside the hard shells.

Chrysanthemum pressed her fore-paws up against the windowpane. Then she flattened her nose against the glass. "What are you doing here?" she meowed. "You're an outsider."

"I know it," chrrred Cracker, trying not to care, although it hurt his little feelings very much.

"I am the pet of the family and I don't want any other animals coming up here to be fed," scolded Chrysanthemum with a look which the poorest tramp cat would be ashamed to give a barbed wire fence.

"You may have half of my nuts if they don't give you enough to eat," answered Cracker politely. "I'm not a red squirrel. I wouldn't steal your nuts."

"I don't want your old nuts any more than I want you," spat out Chrysanthemum Angora who lived on fried liver and salmon every day and twice on Friday.

"You mean you don't want me here at all, even if I don't take your dinner away from you?" asked Cracker in surprise. He could hardly believe another animal could treat him so.

"That's just what I do mean," meowed Chrysanthemum, showing every one of her fine white teeth and raising her back until she looked like a crook-neck squash.

Cracker stopped chrring. The nuts seemed to choke him. Then he whisked his tail around to hide his face away from the yellow pussy cat with the big yellow satin bow who sat among the baby orange trees and the rubber plants with the hanging baskets overhead.

"There is no cold world outside where you must go hungry. It is always summer for you," said Cracker Gray sadly looking within the flower-filled room.

"What did you expect? I'm no common cat, I'd have you to know," hissed the yellow beauty.

"You're afraid I'll be trying to get inside before you know it," said Cracker Gray who wasn't at all stupid.

Chrysanthemum didn't answer; she only kept looking at Cracker in a way that made the world inside look very much warmer and the world outside look very much colder.

"I wouldn't like it any more than you would," churred Cracker with a proud little turn of his saucy head. "I have my own kind of a life to live."

"Spitzz!" spat Chrysanthemum.

"It wouldn't hurt you any to be kind to me and the nuts would be ever so much sweeter," pleaded Cracker with the saddest little squirrel smile.

Chrysanthemum's only answer was to turn slowly around until all that Cracker could see was her fluffy, puffy, yellow back turned toward him.

"It would be wrong for me not to take these nuts. I need them," said Cracker Gray as he filled his teeth up as full as any little squirrel could. "But somehow I feel as if they would choke me now."

Cracker Gray carried a very heavy little heart with him over the branch road home to his hole. "That rich cat is poorer than her poor neighbors if she can't be happy unless they're miserable. I'd rather have to go out and hustle for my living than be like that proud cat," said Cracker Gray as he hid away the nuts he had brought from the house where Chrysanthemum Angora lay curled up on a velvet cushion among the baby orange trees and the rubber plants.

A Tramp Cat

ONCE upon a time there was a poor, skinny, little tortoise shell pussy cat who lived all alone in the loft of an old tumbled-down barn.

He was known in Catville as "Tramp," that was all. "Mouser Smith" and "Purry Brown" and "Pet Jones" all had two names because *they* belonged to somebody who let them in and let them out and fed them for only so much as a word—and that word was "M-e-o-w"!

"I don't mind being *called* 'Tramp' so much," said the poor little bunch of yellow and white and black fur. "It's not having any other name that hurts. Besides," here Tramp slunk to the ground for very shame, "they say my fur coat is nothing but patchwork."

Poor Tramp had watched beside a rat hole in the barn floor all through the long, dark night. He was so hungry that he sat with his eyes glued to the hole as still as a china cat on the mantelpiece. But it wasn't any use. The rats just scurried 'round on their side of the wall and laughed at him.

"The sun is up. I must have meat. What shall I do?" meowed Tramp piteously to himself.

"Chirp! Chirp! Chirp! Flap! Flap! Flap!" came the answer overhead.

"The birds are awake and calling me," purred Tramp climbing up the wistaria vine quicker than "scat."

"Chirp! Chirp! Chirp!" sang a plump little brown sparrow as he flew straight down onto the barn roof.

"Hop! Hop! Hop!" went the plump little brown sparrow across the mossy old shingles.

Tramp drew his poor thin little body together and gave one big spring like "Jack" when he comes out of his box.

"Flap! Flap! Flap!" went the plump little brown sparrow's wings as they carried her up, up, up—far above Tramp's hungry jaws.

Then the whole sparrow family began to scold in such loud, shrill voices that Tramp slunk out of sight under the eaves where he could see all around the neighborhood without being seen.

"Here, Kitty, Kitty, Kitty!" called a voice on two legs



TWO LAPS TO PET'S ONE.

over at Mouser Smith's house. "Hurry up and get your breakfast." Tramp saw Mouser Smith go trotting up as if he thought he had a right to all the chop bones and gridle cakes the Smith family didn't want—for wasn't he their cat and weren't they his family?

"Pussy, Pussy, Pussy!" called a voice on two legs at Purry Brown's house. "Come here and get your breakfast!" Tramp saw Purry Brown go trotting up as if she knew how useful she were to help the family get rid of the left-overs.

"Puss, Puss, Puss!" called a voice on two legs over at Pet Jones' house. "Hurry, Pet, drink your milk before it is cold."

"*Milk!* And warmed, too!" cried Tramp scrambling down out of his hiding-place and making a bee line for the Jones' back yard.

He didn't wait to be asked. He just helped himself—two laps to Pet's one until their noses met in the bottom of the empty bowl.

"My, but you're a lucky cat to have a breakfast like this brought to you," said Tramp licking his chops carefully for the third time.

"Oh, this isn't anything more than I expected. I have it every day," answered Pet easily.

"Where do you sleep?" asked Tramp, looking up piteously at the back windows full of blooming geraniums.

"I have a cushion in the rocker by the kitchen stove," answered Pet.

"My, but you're a lucky cat to have a place like that to put your head into on a cold night."

"Oh, well, it isn't any more than I expect. I have always slept by the kitchen fire. In fact, I was born there," added Pet as if it were all a matter of course.

"I haven't any home. I live all alone in an old tumbled-down barn," meowed Tramp piteously as he looked at the lucky pussy cat before him.

"Who feeds you?" asked Pet wonderingly.

"Why, I feed myself, of course," answered Tramp. "There are plenty of rats and mice around if you are lively enough to catch them."

Pet looked very sorry for Tramp as she sat with all

four feet daintily drawn together within the circle of her tail. Her head was thrown back so that Tramp could see the red-leather collar around her neck. The writing on it spelled "Pet Jones."

"You *are* a lucky cat," Tramp repeated thinking sadly of himself all the while.

"I don't see why," answered Pet. "I haven't any more than I always have had."

"You have always had someone to love you," said Tramp, "and I hope you always will—because you gave me some of your nice warm milk. But I can tell you one thing, Pet Jones, and it's as true as I'm a cat—you'll never know how much folks do for you until they stop doing it."

“Lambie”

A Story for “Children’s Day”

ONCE upon a time there was a little white woolly lamb whom the children called “The lambie without a mamma.”

Lambie lived in a tiny house of his own—a cunning little place with a peaked roof, a front door, a brick chimney and a wired-in piazza. Lambie could lie out on the grass when the sun was shining and drink his dinner out of the bottle the children brought him from Old Mother Cow who fed the children, too.

Lambie learned to love the little boy and girl whom he followed around just like a puppy dog.

It was a beautiful June morning; the fields were gold and white with buttercups and daisies—the “children’s flowers” knew it was “Children’s Day” down in the village church.

Lambie knew it, too, for the children had washed him sweet and clean and hung a wreath of daisies around his pure white neck.

“I don’t see why they couldn’t take me with them,” ba-ba-ed Lambie. “I’m just as white and clean as they are and I’m wearing a wreath of daisies on my head.” “I’m going to follow them,” said Lambie, skipping round on his awkward legs.

So Lambie skipped and frisked and gambolled down the lane, nibbling the tender grass upon the way.

“I’m glad that noise has stopped,” thought Lambie look-

ing up at the village steeple where the old bell lay hidden. Then he climbed slowly up the steps and looked within.

"The children must love this place because they have brought out-of-doors into it. There are my buttercups



"BA-BA," BLEATED LAMBIE AS HE LAY DOWN AT HIS LITTLE GIRL'S FEET.

and daisies, big long chains of them. The children must love this place. I'm going to follow them and see why.

"They are all singing and marching around! Now they're sitting down! My little girl is standing up and saying something! She must be calling me."

Lambie called "ba-ba" and went skipping up the aisle until he stood in the beautiful place.

"O! O! O!" whispered the children very softly, "the little lamb knows it's 'Children's Day'—just see his daisy wreath."

"Ba-ba!" bleated Lambie as he lay down at his little girl's feet among the buttercups and daisies of the fields he loved so well, "the children who live here must love little lambs."

"Isn't he *dear?*" asked the children "And so good. He seems to belong here."

"I'm glad I came in here," ba-ba-ed Lambie softly to himself, "it's just like home."

Then Lambie was as good as any little lamb *can* be, for he hid his head behind the buttercups and daisies and went fast to sleep.

Making Friends While the Sun Shines

ONCE upon a time there were three white rabbits with ruby eyes, pink-lined ears and downy little cotton-tails just like three little "powder puffs."

They slept in a "hutch," which is only another name for a rabbit-house, and played out in the garden that had a wire fence around it.

"This green hash and this lettuce the children bring to us is very good," said Bunny White with his soft wiggley nose buried in the wires, "but I want to go out and help myself to 'greens.'"

"But how are we to get out?" asked Ruby Eyes.

"We can scratch our way out," answered Long Ears. "Why didn't we ever think of it before?"

The three little rabbits went to work until they had made a hole big enough for one little rabbit to get out. (And that you know, children, is a hole big enough for *all* the little rabbits in the world to get out of, one by one.)

Bunny White hopped through; Ruby Eyes and Long Ears followed after.

Bunny White led the way out into the garden-patch where all was green and beautiful. Lettuce, cabbage, parsley, radishes and beets stood in straight rows just waiting for three hungry little Bunnies.

"Did you know," asked Bunny White, "that the family have gone away and left us to scratch for ourselves? They said the garden ought to 'keep us.'"

The three Bunnies were just as happy as the summer days were long until the garden began to grow very dry.

"Let's go to the garden upon the hill; they have rain up there all the time in a rubber tube."

So the three began taking their meals out. "Eat as fast as you can and run," ordered Bunny White three times a day. "But if you are caught put a pleasant face on it."

Now the heads of lettuce told the Lady of the Garden about the visits of the Bunnies.

"Here, Bunny, Bunny, Bunny," called the Lady softly holding out a lettuce-heart.



"THEY SAID THE GARDEN OUGHT TO KEEP US."

"We're caught!" cried Ruby Eyes and Long Ears as they scooted home in long circles across lots.

Bunny White's heart went pit-a-pat out loud, but he looked up at the lady as bravely as a frightened rabbit could.

"It is a hand to feed me," thought Bunny, "the first one since the children went away and left us the garden to play in."

Bunny White came just a bit closer until his twitching

nose almost touched the dainty lettuce-leaves. Then he scooted after the other two Bunnies.

"Why did you stop for the lady?" asked Long Ears. "Couldn't you get all the lettuce you wanted out of her garden without making friends?"

"I suppose I could," panted Bunny White, "but you see I was ashamed to do it."

Bunny White came just a little closer to the Lady of the garden each day until at last he cuddled in her arms as lovingly as a lonesome little Bunny knows how to cuddle.

The days grew colder and colder, the wind howled louder and louder—the lettuce-leaves grew black and stiff.

"O, Bunny White," said Long Ears and Ruby Eyes, "we think it is time we made friends with the Lady of the Garden now. She has green lettuce, plenty of it—left in a little glass house where she keeps the summer in."

"I don't know about that," answered Bunny White with a sad little twitch of his nose; "you see you didn't take any notice of her kindness in the summer time."

"Bunny, Bunny, Bunny," called the Lady of the Garden, taking him up in her arms. Long Ears and Bright Eyes came boldly up.

"Scoot!" cried the Lady. "I won't have any strange rabbits around my green house."

"Come, Bunny," said the Lady carrying him into the little glass house where it was still summer, "help yourself."

"Oh, weren't we stupid little Bunnies?" wept the two sad rabbits.

"Can't we go back and be polite now? We shall be

very hungry this winter, I am afraid," sobbed Bright Eyes.

"It's too late, too late!" answered Long Ears while his nose moved faster than moving-pictures. "The only time to make friends is when you don't need them."

Proud-Cat and Cuddle-Kit

ONCE upon a time there were two little kittens by the name of Proud-Cat and Cuddle-Kit who belonged to old Mother Cat.

Proud-Cat walked grandly round in a coat of the longest, thickest, shiniest fur with gorgeous yellow patches all over it while Cuddle-Kit trotted modestly about in a coat of short, black common-cat fur.

"Just to *look* at me is enough," said Proud-Cat looking very unkindly at his plain sister. "I suppose that I would be obliged to put myself out to make folks like me if I were as homely as you are."

Cuddle-Kit went meowing back to Mother-Cat as all good little kittens do.

"O, Mother dear," cried Cuddle-Kit, "why didn't you find me a plush coat with yellow spots on it like Proud-Cat's so that everybody would be glad to look at me?"

"Kitten-mine," purred Mother-Cat licking the puckery nose and mouth that looked so sorry for itself, "God made this plain black coat for Cuddle-Kit to wear just as truly as He made the beautiful coat for Brother."

"But why didn't He make me a coat like Proud-Cat's?" asked Cuddle-Kit with her head under Mother-Cat's chin.

"You have something more beautiful than Brother's coat," answered Mother-Cat licking the tips of the drooping ears.

"What is it?" asked the kitten opening big round eyes. "I have never seen it and I wash myself all over every day."

"You can't see it, kitten-mine," smiled Mother-Cat, "for it is something 'way inside of you. Folks call it your 'disposition.'"

"Hasn't Proud-Cat one, too?" asked little sister wonderingly.

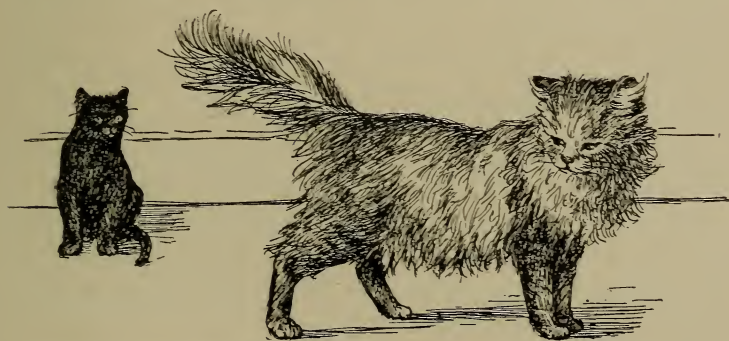
"Every cat has a 'disposition' of some kind; Proud-Cat's is not a beautiful one," answered Mother-Cat hanging her head for very shame.

"It isn't like his coat, is it?" asked Cuddle-Kit.

Mother-Cat smiled.

"But no one knows about my 'disposition'; I'd rather have a beautiful coat for everybody to see."

"Folks can't help seeing your 'disposition,'" answered Mother-Cat. "It's in your meow and your purr; your teeth and your claws; and in the middle of your back."



PROUD-CAT WALKED GRANDLY BACK AND FORTH.

Proud-Cat walked grandly back and forth between the velvet cushion and the corner of the dining room where he ate fried liver from a dainty plate.

"I am so handsome that folks are very lucky to have a

chance to feed me," he purred happily to Cuddle-Kit who always put her paws up on the cook's gingham apron to say "thank you" after each meal. "I don't need to climb up into any one's lap to be petted; every one leans down to pat *me*," exclaimed Proud-Cat as he licked his chops.

"Mother says you have beauty, too—but that it's all on the inside. It must be very stupid to paw around after folks and purr alongside of them and keep your spitzzy feelings inside instead of outside."

Cuddle-Kit slowly blinked her left eye.

"I can afford to be cross," the contented voice went on. "I never go out of my way *not even for the COOK!*"

And Proud-Cat didn't, although the Cook was carrying a pot of boiling water from the stove.

It is all too sad to tell. Proud-Cat wouldn't get out of the way for the Cook, so the Cook had to get out of the way for Proud-Cat.

"M-e-o-w-w-w-!!!" yeowled Proud-Cat as the Cook fell upon him, boiling water and all.

The Cook limped slowly to a chair while Proud-Cat threw himself around the room in an agony of pain.

Nothing could help poor Proud-Cat then—not all the vaseline in the big bottle in the medicine-chest could save his beautiful coat that was falling away in big patches across the back and down one side.

"Poor Brother," purred Cuddle-Kit licking the ugly bald spots with her soft pink tongue. "I wish I could make you feel well again."

"What am I to do now my beauty is gone?" meowed Proud-Cat piteously. "The family said that it was all I had."

Cuddle-Kit put a loving paw around his neck and purred very softly to herself, "Poor, poor Proud-Cat! It didn't take any more than a pot of boiling water to ruin *his* beauty; I'm glad after all that mine is safe on the inside."

Rolly Poly

ONCE upon a time there was a little kitten named Rolly; his other name was Poly. So you see, dear children, this little kitten's name was "Rolly Poly."

Even before Rolly Poly's eyes were open his plump little fore-paws were feeling their way up against the sides of his hat-box home.

"M-e-w, m-e-w! I hate this thing that keeps me here," Rolly Poly would cry in a kitteny squeal that was the promise of a real "m-e-o-w" later on.

After a long, long time this little kitten thought the hat-box must be growing smaller, for how was a little kitten whose eyes had been open only a very little while to know that he was growing bigger and bigger every day? The fur coat his mother first found him in had let itself out over and over again as kittens' coats have a way of doing.

One day Rolly Poly found that he could spring and catch at the top of the house with the long, sharp claws Mother Cat had taught him to keep inside his soft, thick, velvet paws. His pretty round face with the wide-open eyes and the saucy nose hung over the edge of the box.

"Go right back, Rolly," meowed Mother Cat who came trotting up with an uplifted paw.

"Please don't! O, I'll be good," cried Rolly falling back onto the cotton-batting rug and rolling up in a ball so that Mother Cat couldn't find his sharp pointed ears. (You know Mother Cats always make their kittens feel sorry in their ears.)

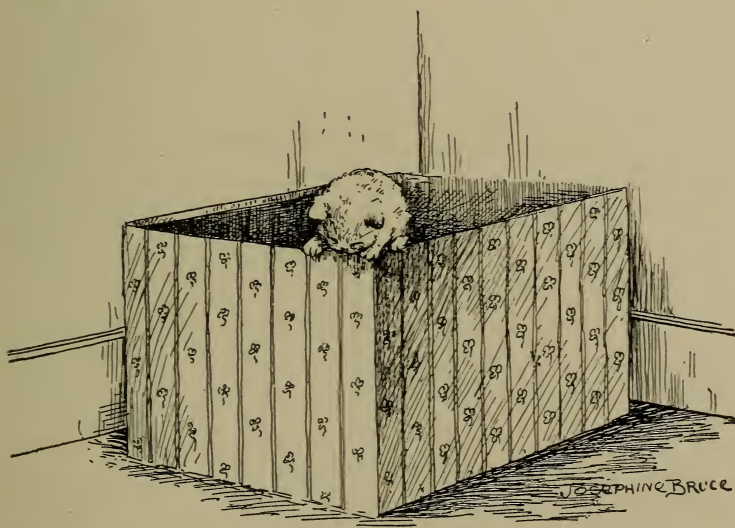
"Rolly," meowed Mother Cat jumping into the hat-box

house, "you must stay in here where it is all warm and 'comfy.'"

Rolly cocked his ears up as if he heard—as indeed he did. But he didn't mean to mind.

The moment Mother Cat went off mouse hunting the naughty little kitten made for the edge of the box with his long, sharp claws. Slowly but surely he wriggled up until his head stuck out of the box like the giraffe's at the circus. Then he struggled until his round little stomach lay on the top of the box. After that he tilted forward until he could throw himself onto the floor outside.

"This is bigger than many, many boxes," thought Rolly crawling along on his wobbly legs as fast as a run-a-way kitten could.



THEN HE STRUGGLED UNTIL HIS ROUND LITTLE STOMACH
LAY ON TOP OF THE BOX.

It wasn't long before he began to feel tired, for the carpet was very heavy and soft; his feet sank way in.

"I think I'll lie down and take a nap," he said to himself. "But where shall I lie down? I don't see any bed around here waiting for me."

"I'll wait until a big cat comes along to give me my supper," thought Rolly Poly crying piteously. "I wish I had my soft little bed and those nice walls to keep the naught cold away. I wish mamma would come, even if she cuffed me with her claws out."

"Where are you, Kitten-mine?" called Mother Cat making a scared noise in her throat.

Mother Cat went to her cold, hungry kitten-cat just where he lay on the floor. She sniffed him all over and rolled him way around to see that nothing had happened to his body but the cold. Then she carried him, oh, so gently in her mouth back to the hat-box he had longed to get away from.

Mother Cat dropped him softly on the cotton-batting rug and cuddled him right up against her thick warm coat.

"I thought it wasn't any fun here because I couldn't get away," cried Rolly as Mother Cat put her fore-paws tight around his chubby neck.

"There wasn't any bed for me to lie down on or any walls to keep away the naughty cold out there," added Rolly pointing with his fore-paw to the walls of the hat-box house.

Mother Cat only purred lovingly.

"And there wasn't anybody to keep me from being hungry out there," meowed Rolly Poly licking mother's face very lovingly with his pink tongue.

"Folks say, 'there is no place like home,'" purred Mother Cat.

"Was 'Folks' a little kitten who climbed out of his box and couldn't get back by himself?" asked Rolly with both eyes wide-open.

"It's only a wise old cat who could answer that question, little kitten mine," answered Mother Cat. "It's time for you to close first one eye and then the other and go to sleep to dream of a fat little white mouse in a field of catnip."

Billy Goat---A Butter

ONCE upon a time there was a kid by the name of Billy Goat who lived with Mother Goat and Sister Nancy in a scrubby pasture just above a railroad track.

At first life had been all beautiful for Billy and Nancy—Mother Goat gave them sweet warm milk and watched them lovingly as they trotted by her side. It wasn't long before the two little kids began to nibble the green grass and grow little stuck-up horns and go-down beards just like old Mother Goat's.

"Oh, come down to the dump with me, Nancy," cried Billy Goat. "There are two new tomato cans!"

"Kids, come back here!" called Mother Goat. "The children are looking for you!"

"But we aren't looking for the children," answered Nancy with her eye on the fresh red label.

"Come along; we can run away from them fast enough," added Billy cheerfully.

"You must come," said Mother Goat with a jerk of her horns and a twist of her wisp of a tail. "The children have brought out a harness to try you."

"'A harness'"! ba-ba-ed the two young goats. "What for?"

"To hitch you to their wagon," answered Mother Goat.

"But I don't want to be harnessed," cried Nancy.

"I won't be," decided Billy with a fierce shake of his head. "I shall butt and butt for all I'm worth."

"You won't be worth much if you do butt," explained Mother Goat. "A Billy Goat who won't work isn't as use-

ful to the world as a Nancy Goat because she might have some little kids of her own some day who would do their share of work."



SISTER GOAT KEPT VERY STILL WHILE THE CHILDREN
TIGHTENED UP THE BUCKLES.

"Why must a goat work?" asked Nancy sadly.

"It is ever the way of the world unless an animal has great beauty or a wonderful voice to pay for its keeps," replied Mother Goat wisely.

"What right have folks to expect us to work for them?" asked Billy crossly.

"Because folks have to work for each other."

"Here Nancy, Nancy," called the children, "see this lovely red leather harness. Here, good Nancy, keep very still."

Sister Goat kept very still while the children tightened up the shining buckles until the red harness fitted tightly to her white body.

"Get up, Nancy," ordered the little boy, patting Nancy's proud horns.

The good little goat lowered her head a bit but crept forward just a step at a time until she had crossed the pasture.

"Ba-ba," called Billy crossly, "you're a foolish goat to give in so easy. They'll find work for you sure enough."

"She's all right," said the little girl, as the little boy slipped the harness off. "Good Nancy!"

"Here, Billy. So you won't come. Our papa can catch you."

Billy Goat bobbed his head and ran just as fast as his legs would carry him to the lower corner of the dump.

"Indeed you don't, sir," said the children's father grabbing tight hold of Billy's horns while the children brought up the new harness.

"You needn't laugh," called Billy to Nancy who had

trotted up to the dump. "I'll be even with those children and that Papa yet."

Billy Goat bit his mouth hard while he suffered himself to be backed into the shafts and led up the path.

"I'm glad Billy has come to his senses," sighed Mother Goat as she nibbled the grass at her feet. "You see, Nancy, it will make a difference to your brother's whole future. It's wiser to lead than to butt."

"Whoa, whoa!" called the Papa.

"O, Mother!" cried Nancy Goat, "Billy is butting with all his might. He's butted the little boy and now he's butting the Papa."

Mother Goat hid her head in a bunch of grass for shame.

The children's father slipped the harness. "Go home, Billy Goat," he ordered in a very angry voice.

"I'm free," he ba-ba-ed, "they won't try to drive me again. I'm too much for even the Papa. I'm butting my way through the world all right."

"I'm not so sure," answered Mother Goat sadly.

"Why did you let them make such a dead easy thing of you, Nancy?" he scowled.

"Because I thought it wouldn't be so hard for me later on," answered sister goat very sweetly.

The next morning the children brought the red harness out to put on Nancy.

"What did I tell you?" smiled Billy with a wink.

"Come here, you old butter you," called the father coming out with a rope which he tied around Billy's horns. "You aren't going to feed on my grass and treat me like this."

"I don't want to go away," ba-a-ed Billy to Nancy as

they went up the path to the house. "They are going to carry me off in a wagon. The place is all right. I don't want to work—that's all."

"The place is all right," called Mother Goat who was following on, "but you can't expect the place to keep you unless you keep the place—that's all." "No," went on Mother Goat very sadly, "you've butted yourself out of a very good home."

"Ba-ba-ba-ba-ba-ba-ba-ba-ba-ba-ba" cried Billy Goat, "I'll go in harness if they'll only let me stay."

"It's too late now," cried Mother Goat. "*It's small use to 'ba-a' after you butt.*"

The Parrot and the Canary

ONCE upon a time there was a parrot whose name was Polly Green and a canary bird whose name was Dicky Golden.

Polly gave herself great airs as she sat on her gilded perch. "I talk like folks; I am one of the family," she said in the bird-language to Dicky.

"You mean you talk Cracker?" asked Dicky winking one of his bright black eyes.

"Polly want a cracker? Cracker!!!! Pretty Poll!" shrieked the parrot looking down upon her bright feathers.

"What does 'Hush up!' mean? Is there any word for it in the bird language?"

"It's only another name for 'Pretty Poll,'" answered Polly condescendingly.

"The family are coming downstairs now; keep your bill closed while I talk to them."

"Poll! Poll! Pretty Poll! Polly wants a cracker! Cracker!!!!"

"Hush up!" commanded the master.

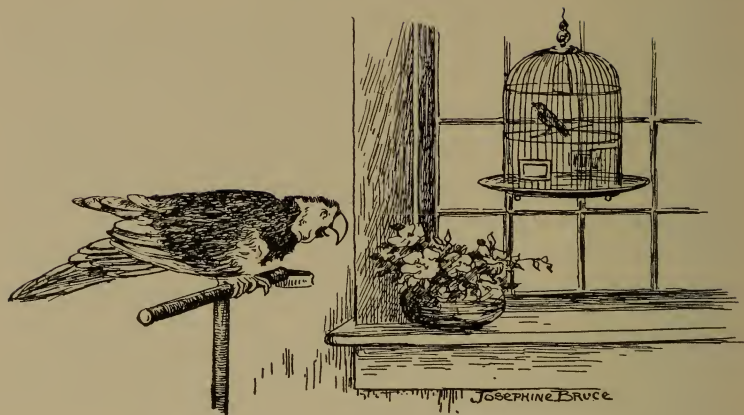
But Polly shrieked on just like folks until folks couldn't stand it any longer.

The master took Polly and shut her up in a dark closet with the rubbers and umbrellas.

"Poll!"

"BANG!!!!!" went the master's fist on the door. "Hush up and give Dicky a chance."

Dicky Golden puffed out his yellow feathers and began softly, "Chirp—Chirp—Chirp—" Then he called "Tweet



THE PARROT AND THE CANARY.

—Tweet—Tweet—” louder and louder and faster and faster until his tiny throat swelled almost to bursting.

“Good Dicky,” said the master putting a lump of sugar into the cage.

After a long time Polly called out, “I’m sure I can’t see why they hushed me up and asked you to sing. I can talk just like folks—I can.”

“You aren’t a bad imitation,” answered Dicky truthfully, “but you see it’s better to *sing your own kind of a song than to try to imitate your betters.*”

Jocco

ONCE upon a time there was a monkey whose name was Jocco—like every other monkey who lives on the end of a string.

At first Jocco had belonged to Mother Monkey and lived in a tree not far from a cocoanut grove; but two strong brown hands caught the happy little fellow and carried him away to a big ship where he was very sea-sick and homesick, too, for his mother and all the rest of his monkey relations.

"I'm glad the ship is rocked to sleep," said Jocco smiling for the first time since he had left home. "I wonder what this ugly creature can be who is walking up the plank? He looks like my cousin, the gorilla,—only he is not so handsome."

"Come along with me," ordered the strange animal who could say more words than the poll parrot who sat at the captain's table.

Jocco grinned.

"You're going home with me," laughed the strange animal picking the little monkey up in his arms.

"The first thing you will have to learn," said the hand-organ man (for who but a hand-organ man could want a monkey?) "is to wear clothes."

"Oh, dear!" scowled the wild little creature while the hand-organ man pulled a pair of blue trousers with wide stripes over his wiry legs. "Must I wear these horrid things? And a bright red coat with brass buttons, too? It would take me all day to chew the buttons off. Oh! And

a hat, too—with a string under my chin? Oh, why was I born a monkey?"

The little fellow thought for a long time. "No," he said finally, "that isn't the trouble—why must I dress like a man?"

"Here, Jocco, come look at yourself," ordered the hand-organ man holding out a cracked mirror.



JOCCO HELD OUT HIS BIG HAIRY ARM FOR THE PENNIES
HELD OUT TO HIM.

"I am a man now—and a very little man at that," scolded Jocco on the table to Jocco in the glass who seemed very sorry for the other monkey.

"What is my master doing?" grinned Jocco. "Taking off his hat? Is he? I can do it, too. He's putting it on again. So can I."

The hand-organ man bowed very low.

"I can cut up monkey shines, too," grinned Jocco mocking his master.

A few days later the hand-organ man put a bright red cent into Jocco's right paw.

"That's right," he nodded as Jocco held on tight.

"He says 'pocket, Jocco,'" thought the bright little monkey. "I wonder if he means the little cheek pouch in my coat that he's holding open for me to drop the money into?"

"Good Jocco! Listen to the music that I make."

The little monkey watched with big round eyes while his master turned a crank and ground out a happy noise that made Jocco's feet go round and round all by themselves without trying.

"Now, Jocco," said his master one morning as he brushed the red coat and polished the brass buttons—, "I'm going to carry you out with me to see if you can't take pennies from other people as politely as you do from me. Smile and bow, and bow and smile and keep it up until your pocket is full—when your smile will stay on without trying."

"This is most as much fun as climbing a cocoanut tree," grinned Jocco as he sat on the hand-organ followed by a crowd of happy little children.

"Bow!" Ordered his master giving the string a toss and letting out the rope.

The happy little monkey danced in time to the happy

noise while the children skipped round and round crying, "isn't he a darling monkey! I want to give him a penny."

Jocco held out his long hairy arm hidden under the polite red coat for the pennies held up to him. The little fellow dropped the pennies one by one safely into his pocket and took off his hat again and again until the children cheered him.

"I want to give him a penny, too," called a little girl, "just because he's so cunning. I'm going to ask my mamma to give me one because I want to see him put it into his pocket and make a bow."

Round the corner and up the street and down the next street went proud little Jocco smiling and making friends.

It was hot—Jocco longed for the cocoanut groves where a monkey may do as he pleases, but he smiled on until the hand-organ man had to empty his little pocket into his own great one.

Then Jocco's master bought him a cocoanut on the corner stand and let out his string until he could run up into a tall green tree all by himself.

The little monkey smiled happily down as his master counted out the money.

Jocco took off his little skiddo hat and made a bow from the branch of the tree.

"You're all right, Jocco," called the hand-organ man jingling the coins.

"Well, I've found out one thing," chattered the little monkey in his own language,—“the only way to take in a pocketful of money is to hand out a barrel of politeness.”

Toodles and Tinty

ONCE upon a time there was a white bull dog with uncut ears and a cut-off tail.

Miss Polly used to look at him very sorrowfully when he was a little puppy and ask him to go find the rest of it, or bite the naughty person who took it away from him.

But Toodles never answered a word but "Bowwow" and wagged what tail had been spared to him, which was all that there was left for him to do.

It was always just Toodles alone until the evening Miss Polly came home with a bundle in her arms.

"It smells like dog," sniffed Toodles, going straight up to his mistress.

"Ow! Ow!" whined a tiny voice inside the blanket.

"It's *live* dog," growled Toodles. "I'm afraid it is going to take my place."

"Good Toodles!" smiled his mistress, holding the little puppy out to him.

"If that beast weren't safe in your arms, I'd chew him all up," snapped Toodles, angrily.

"Good Toodles, I'm going to give you this little puppy for your very own," said Miss Polly, laying the frightened little creature between Toodles' forepaws.

"His name is 'TINTY,'" said Miss Polly, as she closed the door, leaving them alone together.

Toodles looked down on the lonesome little puppy, who seemed almost lost in his loose yellow coat with the white vest. The soft brown eyes with the big whites looked piteously into Toodles' face, while the big ears hung sadly.

down. The little snub of a nose and the crinkly cheeks with the soft whiskers and the black mole looked very sorry for Tinty.

"He looks as if he might grow into a dog one of these days," sniffed Toodles, walking around the little stranger. "I don't believe I was any bigger than he is once upon a time."

"Why don't you wag that tail of yours?" he barked, trying to think of something to say. "You're a lucky dog; I can never get more than half a wag out of mine."

But the little puppy hung his ears and mouth and trembled on his wobbly legs until he lay as flat on the floor as a stuffed rug.

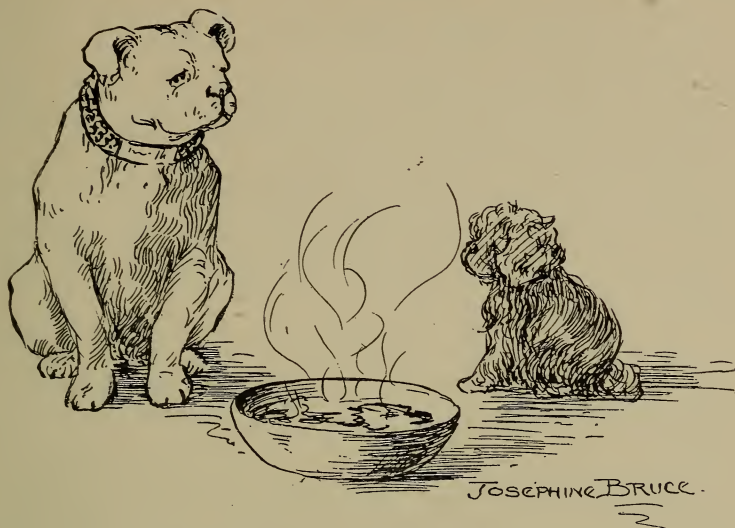
"I want my mother," he whined, burying his face in the kitchen oilcloth. "I can't find any place to hide me and I'm scared."

"Poor little thing," comforted Toodles, putting a cold nose down on the floor beside the sorry little face.

The stranger dragged his wee body just a bit nearer to Toodles. "You're warm and big," he whimpered, "most as big as my mamma. Can't you be my mamma?"

Toodles' eyes grew big and soft as he looked at the little stranger. "A dog can never have but one mother," he answered truthfully, as he gently licked the drooping ears. "But I will do the best I can to make a happy home for you."

The little puppy put out a pink velvety tongue and brushed Toodles' whiskers very affectionately. Then he did his tiny best to stand up on his wobbly legs and pull his happy strings—his fallen ears lifted themselves to hear Toodles' kind bowwows and his tucked-in tail wagged



"I WISH THAT I COULD HAVE SOME."

itself to show how happy he was going to try to be now that he had found a friend.

"Good dog!" barked Toodles, joyfully.

"Will you find some other little puppies to play with me?" asked Tinty, looking around the room with big, lonesome eyes. "There were three more of me at home."

"Miss Polly never had any other little puppy but me, and I'm all grown up now," answered Toodles sadly.

"Oh, Oh, Oh!" said Tinty, showing the whites of his big eyes just like a little colored baby.

Miss Polly brought in a bowl of bread crumbs, swimming in thick brown gravy.

"I wish I could have some," whimpered Tinty, as he

wrinkled his nose and looked with hungry eyes on the steaming bowl.

"It's my supper, but there is enough for both of us," answered Toodles kindly, as he waited for Tinty to put his anxious little mouth into the dish.

After supper Miss Polly carried Tinty up to the room where Toodles slept in a high-backed rush basket upon a blue cushion and an embroidered pillow, with his name on it.

"I don't know how I am going to shut my eyes up to-night without the other puppies and my mamma and the straw," whimpered Tinty loudly, as he snuggled up to the big white dog.

"It's my bed, but it's big enough for both of us," answered Toodles stepping into the basket and curling his body until his head and the tip of his tail almost met.

Tinty crawled slowly over the edge of the braided straw and tumbled into the little place Toodles had made for him where he went to sleep with only one low whimper for the other puppies, his mamma and the straw.

The next morning Tinty crawled slowly over Toodles, who lay stretching his stiff legs over the edge of the basket.

"Toodles," he asked in a soft little voice, climbing over the big dog's head and putting a pink-lined mouth to his ear. "Toodles, you didn't want me here when I came. What makes you so good to me now?"

"It's a pretty poor dog who can't love a little puppy when he finds how much that little puppy needs him," answered Toodles, giving Tinty a toss over his head and playfully rolling him across the floor.

Toodles and the Milk Boy

ONCE upon a time Tinty opened first one eye and then the other to look for Toodles in the early morning.

The little puppy stretched his legs way out and his mouth wide open and yawned in a lonesome little voice, "Toodles, aren't you hiding away from me somewhere?"

Tinty sniffed wisely for a moment, then whined aloud, "O, Toodles, how could you go off and leave me when I was fast asleep and couldn't take care of myself?"

Tinty sniffed around the room and listened with both ears up, but there was not so much as a smell to be found of Toodles anywhere.

Then he trotted sadly out to the head of the back stairs, where he leaned his forepaws on the edge of the landing and looked down with timid eyes.

"Toodles," he whined. "Dear Toodles. Please come up here and talk to your little Tinty. I can't throw myself down unless somebody carries me."

"Bowwow wow," answered a cheerful voice in the hall below as the big dog caught the sad little whine in the hall above.

"Dear Toodles, where have you been all this time?" asked the little puppy as Toodles bounded up the stairs.

Toodles licked his chops very carefully three times, wagged his tail and seated himself beside Tinty.

"I've been out," he said, making his stumpy tail thump against the floor.

Tinty looked up with sorrowful eyes and a puckery nose as he whimpered, "Why didn't you take me, too?"



"I MET A BOY WITH A BIG TIN CAN."

"I'm sorry," answered Toodles very kindly, "but you are too little to be taken everywhere just yet. But I'll tell you all about it."

Tinty cocked his ears and rested his eyes on Toodles' face.

"The other night I had a dream," began Toodles.

"Was it the night you growled and scared me awake?" asked the little puppy.

"That was the night. I dreamed there was a little boy who fed me roast beef and chicken—and caramels. I was trying to eat that caramel when you heard me growl. You never in all your life heard of such things as that boy brought for me to eat."

"No," answered Tinty enviously. "I never so much as had one caramel in all my life."

"But the trouble was," Toodles went on, "I always woke up hungry. Then I said to myself: 'Toodles Barker, you *are* a fool. What is the use of lying here and dreaming about good things to make you hungry when you might get out of your comfortable bed and set your teeth into something that is really truly?'"

"What is a 'really truly'?" asked Tinty.

"It's something you can feel with your teeth and claws when you're wide awake," answered Toodles.

"Oh, Oh, Oh," said Tinty. "Did you find a 'really truly,' Toodles?"

"I did, and on the very first morning," answered Toodles, giving his chops another long lick.

"What was it like, Toodles?" asked the little puppy, showing the whites of his eyes as only Tinty and a little colored baby could.

"It was this way. I met a boy with a big tin can coming around the corner," explained Toodles. "I didn't know what was inside the can any more than the cook in the kitchen knows, but I took my chances and sat up on my hind legs and waved my paws at the boy and barked until he had to stop.

"What did you do then?" asked Tinty.

"I jumped up on him and licked the can and sat up on my hind legs again and kept waving my paws until he opened the big can."

"Oh, Oh, Oh!" said Tinty, never taking his eyes from Toodles' face.

"It was milk, fresh from the cow," said Toodles. "The boy poured some into the cover of the can and then dropped it into a round hole in the sidewalk—a little hole just as big as a saucer."

"I wish I hadn't been home asleep all the time. Wasn't there another little hole just big enough for me?"

"There was only one hole," said Toodles, "but it was as good as two holes, because the boy filled it up twice."

"Oh, Oh, Oh!" said Tinty, snuggling up to Toodles. "It's just like your dream—but I do wish you didn't have to get out of your warm, comfortable bed and go out into the cold world so early in the morning."

Toodles put a soft paw on Tinty's shoulder. "Little puppy mine," he said, "by the time you're an old dog like me you'll find that the only way to make dreams come true is to be up and doing."

Tinty's Bath

ONCE upon a time Tinty heard the rattling of tin. The little puppy turned fearfully around and cocked his ears to listen.

"It's my bath tub," he whined sadly turning tail and sneaking down the hall to hide under the four-post bed with the fringed counterpane that was long enough to hide a little puppy from his bath.

"Tinty, come here," whistled Miss Polly, coming quickly down the hall. "Where are you, Tinty?"

The little runaway crawled closer to the wall without so much as one little "bowwow."

"Bad Tinty, you're hiding somewhere," scolded Miss Polly, coming into the guest room.

The naughty little puppy hugged the carpet more closely. "She knows I'm under here," he trembled. "What can I do? What *can* I do?"

Tinty whined as a ray of light fell across his hiding place and a long arm groped under the bed. "I'm not safe here, for her arms are long and they can stretch, too."

Tinty made himself as flat as a loaf of gingerbread and crawled from under the bedstead to the big winged chair before Miss Polly found where he was.

"I'm caught, I'm caught," whimpered Tinty as Miss Polly's long arm slipped under the low chair and caught him by the collar.

"Ow, Ow, Ow!" yelped Tinty as Miss Polly carried him to the tin bath tub half filled with warm water.

"Good Tinty, don't be afraid," said Miss Polly, looking



MISS POLLY CARRIED HIM TO THE TIN BATH TUB.

lovingly into his frightened little face as she held his fore-paws together and seated him slowly in the tin tub.

Tinty looked at the cooky his mistress held to his mouth. "I'm so frightened I can't take it in," thought Tinty, whose little mouth was so afraid of the water that it couldn't open itself wide enough to take in a cooky.

"What is the trouble, Tinty?" barked Toodles, coming in with a rush.

"I'm being washed away," howled Tinty, looking in the mirror, which told him that Tinty wet wasn't Tinty dry.

"You're all there," answered Toodles. "It's only the naughty dirt that is being washed away."

"I don't believe it," answered Tinty, making a face as he tried to lick the soap from his whiskers. "This stuff they rub all over me tastes worse than any mud puddle I ever stepped into. Why can't Miss Polly wash me in some of that pretty soap I licked on her washstand the other day? It smells like the flowers in the garden."

"That's an everyday kind of soap," explained Toodles. "You have to be washed all over every day to keep clean with her kind of soap. You wouldn't like that."

"No, I wouldn't," chattered Tinty. "Folks must be very dirty to need so many baths. I can't see why Miss Polly is giving me this bath, can you, Toodles?"

"You need it now to keep you from smelling 'doggy' by and by," explained Toodles, politely.

"Don't people expect a puppy to smell a little 'doggy'?" snapped Tinty, splashing loudly.

"A puppy oughtn't to smell at all," answered Toodles, looking at Tinty's fine coat of lather that made him seem like a little white woolly dog on a Christmas tree.

"I won't stay here any longer," whimpered the little fellow, thrashing himself back and forth and frantically trying to crawl over the side of the tub.

But Miss Polly held tightly onto the strong leather collar, until Tinty pulled backwards with all his might and pulled his slippery head out of his slippery collar.

"SPLASH!" went the water way up to the ceiling and all over Toodles and Tinty and Miss Polly as the little puppy fell backwards into the tub.

"I'm too slippery for you to catch with all this nasty dirty soap," chattered Tinty, catching hold of the sides of the tub with his sharp forepaws and tumbling out onto the floor with a grand shake that sent a shower of suds all over the bath room.

Miss Polly tried to catch him on his way to the guest room, but the floor was almost as slippery as the runaway puppy.

Tinty gave himself another shake as he climbed up onto the clean counterpane with the fringe around it.

"This is a fine place to get dry in," he whined, putting his head in the pillows and rolling all the way down until he buried himself in the soft blue eiderdown quilt.

"Miss Polly is coming," whined Tinty, sliding down to the floor and out under the bed to the next room, where there was a dry counterpane.

The little puppy rolled over and over and made little nests of the pillows. Then he pawed down the counterpane and rolled himself in a thick blanket with pink and blue stripes.

"You little beast!" cried Miss Polly, pulling off the outer

cover and winding it round and round Tinty until he looked just like a little Italian baby in swaddling clothes.

"I hate this," whimpered Tinty as he struggled vainly to free himself. "I think it's very mean to put a puppy dog into a bath and then tie him up paws and all."

Miss Polly held him tightly in her lap before the kerosene stove that winked a fiery eye at him.

"I hate water," said Tinty, looking down at happy Toodles, who sat with his head against Miss Polly's knee.

"You want to play with good, clean dogs, don't you?" asked Toodles, anxiously looking up.

"Of course I do," answered Tinty, wriggling hopelessly. "I hate dirty gutter dogs, who have fleas and scratch all the time."

"Of course you do," answered Toodles, putting both paws in Miss Polly's lap and leaning over the little puppy in his swaddling garment as if he were, indeed, a mother.

"There is only one place for a dog to find a clean coat and to drown his fleas—"

"I'll promise to go there if you'll tell me where it is," said Tinty, looking lovingly up at Toodles and licking the tip of his nose.

"It's in your horrid tin bath tub with the nasty, dirty soap," said Toodles, pointing his nose toward the place Tinty had run away from half an hour before.

Tinty and the Paint

ONCE upon a time Tinty found a low board fence in front of the kitchen threshold.

The little puppy couldn't read "P-A-I-N-T" on the board fence, but he could smell it with his curious black snub nose.

"There's something new on this board," sniffed Tinty, "but there's more of it inside on the floor. It must be fun for a little puppy to go inside and play or else they wouldn't be taking all this trouble to keep him out."

The little dog craned his neck over the low fence and rested his forepaws on the top.

"I'm going in there to play," he barked, wriggling his rolly poly body until he hung on the top of the fence by his strong shoulders. Then he wriggled again and kept on wriggling until his forepaws came down on the green floor. The round little stomach and the hind legs came tumbling after.

"Why, I'm sticking to the floor," whined Tinty, looking around him and then down at his feet. "No, the floor is sticking to me."

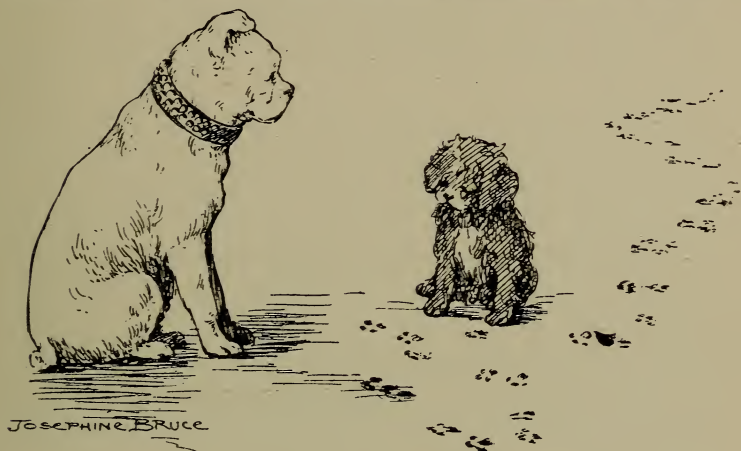
The little dog took a few more steps. "My feet are all over the floor and the floor is all over my feet," he whimpered, wrinkling his forehead. "I don't see how such a thing could happen to a little puppy dog like me."

"But won't Miss Polly be glad to see my feet all over the floor?" bowwowed Tinty, as he slowly wriggled his way back over the low board fence.

"My feet feel very sticky; I think I will wipe them on

the sitting room carpet, because it's very new and thick," said Tinty as he made his way down the hall. "Why, I'm making paw prints all the way along. Won't Miss Polly be surprised? A little of that green stuff goes a long way."

Tinty trotted into the sunny sitting room with a smile at both ends of him. "It's still coming off," he barked joyously. "How did I ever carry so much away in my lit-



"YOU'LL CATCH IT," SAID TOODLES.

tle paws? By and by when this is used up I'll go back and get some more to make my mark all over the reception room. Here comes Toodles."

"You'll catch it," said Toodles, looking down on the fresh green paw prints and sniffing wisely.

"Catch what?" asked Tinty proudly.

"A good whipping," answered Toodles. "Miss Polly has just seen the kitchen floor and here she is."

Tinty's mistress looked down on the thick red carpet

and then she looked at Tinty, who was almost as green as a grasshopper in a toy store.

"I wouldn't spank you to save your life," she cried angrily, taking up a newspaper and putting on a pair of gloves as Tinty tucked his tail in and sunk down into the carpet as far as any dog could sink.

"You're not fit to handle without gloves—and newspapers, too," she scolded, catching hold of Tinty by the big paper that rattled in his ears and scratched his curious little nose.

The little puppy shivered as Miss Polly dropped him into the little tin tub and poured the bath water from a nasty smelling bottle on the top shelf. Tinty couldn't read "T-U-R-P-E-N-T-I-N-E" with his sorrowful brown eyes, but he could smell it with his naughty green nose.

O, Toodles," he cried to the big dog who stood close by, "What shall I do? Miss Polly is scolding me and so is everybody else in this whole big house. Miss Polly says, she does, that the green floor has to be put down all over again and the red carpet has to be taken up. And that isn't all," added Tinty, trembling all over; "I'm going to get such a spanking that I won't be able to wag my tail until I know a great deal more than I do now. How can they be so cruel to me when I am so little?"

"It does seem hard,—the spanking, I mean," answered Toodles, "but don't forget that the littlest dog can make trouble enough to get a whole big family by the ears."

The First Lesson in Politeness

ONCE upon a time Miss Polly took Tinty up into her lap and patted his head very gently. Toodles sat close by with his head in her lap. Miss Polly patted Toodles with the other hand.

"Give me your paw," said Miss Polly, holding out her pretty white hand, with the rings that sparkled and the nails that never scratched.

The big white dog put his right paw out very, very straight and laid it in Miss Polly's as politely as any dog could. He let it lie there very softly until Miss Polly said "Good Toodles" and took her hand away.

Tinty looked down with a wondering look in his two big eyes as Toodles again put out his paw and lightly touched Miss Polly's dress.

"She doesn't see me," explained Toodles as he brought his paw more heavily against her.

"Why, Toodles!" exclaimed his mistress, looking down on the strong white paw that stood straight out against her chair. "You want to shake hands all over again. Give me your dear little paw."

Miss Polly gently touched Tinty's right forepaw as she shook hands with Toodles and said, "Now, see if you can't learn to be a polite little dog like Toodles."

Miss Polly gently touched Tinty's soft little right forepaw as she said, "Give me your paw, Tinty."

The little puppy moved his foot just the tiniest bit as he looked at his mistress.

"Give me your paw," she said again, bending his wobbly

little right knee until it seemed to Tinty as though he couldn't help lifting his paw from her lap.

Tinty played this little game every day until Miss Polly had only to hold out her hand and say, "Give me your paw, Tinty," before the paw would be reached out to hide itself within her loving grasp. There was always candy in Miss Polly's other hand.

After a few days when Miss Polly found the little puppy wasn't afraid she would shake his paw ever so gently and give him two pieces of candy.

"Why in the world do I have to put my paw out and take her paw?" asked Tinty wonderingly. "I wish it were the other paw for a change, but Miss Polly will never take the other one, even when she's washed me clean all herself."

"Your right paw was made to shake folks' paws with; that's the way they have of saying they are glad to see each other. It's like wagging your tail at a dog to let him know you're glad to see him," explained Toodles wisely.

"It's a great deal of trouble to learn how," whined Tinty. "I don't see any use in it at all. I'd like to keep all four of my paws to myself."

"You mustn't talk like that, Tinty," said Toodles, laying a paw on Tinty's shoulder. "It's the first lesson in politeness. When you have lived with Miss Polly as long as I have you will find that she shakes hands with people when they come in and when they go out, too."

"Does she get candy for it every time?" asked Tinty, looking sidewise at his chops. "Or didn't she have to learn how?"

"Folks have to learn how when they're little the same

as we do. There was a little girl calling here who didn't know how to put her hand straight out nor to give the right one. But I showed her how. Her mother said before me that I had taught that child a good lesson. The idea of a child as large as I am holding out the left paw."

"I'll give my paw to folks if you say I ought, but I honestly don't see what it all means," said Tinty, looking at the wise old dog.

"It's just this way," he explained, laying a paw on Tinty's shoulder. "Folks give their paws to company to show that they are safe in the house and that they don't mean to snap and growl and bite. It is always polite for folks to offer their paws as soon as company comes to let company know that it is safe to stay."

"But why do folks give their paws all over again when they go out to the front door with company?"

"Why, Tinty, you *are* a stupid little puppy. That is just to let people know that it is safe for them to come back whenever they wish without fear of a fight. You see, Tinty, giving your paw is just the first lesson in politeness, for it means "I'm glad to see you," and "it's safe for you to come again."

Tinty's Four Suppers

ONCE upon a time Toodles looked at Tinty. "Whose little dog are you?" he asked, with a sniff.

"I'm Tinty; don't you know me, Toodles?" whimpered the little puppy, trying to wag his tail.

"There's nothing left of you but your bowwow," answered Toodles. "Your beautiful coat is stuffed out like a sausage and your legs are almost out of sight. What has happened?"

The little puppy crawled just a bit nearer on his four wobbly legs that seemed more wobbly than usual and bowwowed in the big dog's open ear, "I'm a stuffed dog, I am."

"Not yet," answered Toodles. "You're no dead dog yet. Did the family stuff you or did you stuff yourself?"

"It was the family," whined Tinty, moving from side to side very uncomfortably. "You see, Miss Polly went out to supper—"

Tinty rolled over with a groan.

"She fed me before she went—I heard her tell the lady who wears windows on her eyes that I had had my supper, but the old lady is sick in her ears. She thought Miss Polly wanted her to give me my supper. That made two," whined Tinty, laying his paws over his little fat stomach.

"Two suppers would never make you look as fat as this," said Toodles as Tinty rolled over again.

"It didn't," groaned Tinty, lying full length on the floor. "The cook came in and called me her dear, hungry, little doggie, she did. Then I had another supper."



"I'M VERY SICK. TOODLES," HE WHINED.

"You didn't need to eat it," barked Toodles sharply.

Tinty drew himself into a little ball and rolled over again. "That wasn't all," he whined weakly. "Miss Polly's mamma came into the kitchen and called me a dear little thing without anybody to feed me. She gave me meat and gravy, but I couldn't swallow the whole of it, because the cook's supper came way up to my chin."

"Do you feel very sick?" asked Toodles anxiously standing over the squirming puppy.

"I'm sick here," groaned Tinty, looking down on his stomach and pointing his forepaws to the place. "I wish I had all four of those suppers on the floor beside me."

"Perhaps you may see them there before long," comforted the big dog. "Here comes Miss Polly, scolding right out loud."

"The poor little darling! It's a mercy his skin didn't burst. Just look at him. The idea of laughing. It's no thanks to this family that he isn't a dead dog."

Miss Polly ran out of the kitchen and came back with a big bottle. "Now you hold his dear little paws while I give him some of this," she ordered the cook, as she squeezed a hand between Tinty's teeth.

"Poor Tinty knew that he was full up to his little dark-roofed mouth, but he had to let the nasty medicine trickle down as he gurgled and sputtered piteously. He whimpered softly as he tried to wash away the taste on his pink tongue by wiping it on his sorry little cheek with the mole.

"It's castor oil," said Toodles. "I know all about it."

Tinty whined piteously, while Miss Polly filled a rubber bag with water from the tea kettle.

Then she laid him gently on the cushioned rocking chair,

with a tiny pillow beneath his head and snuggled the hot-water bottle alongside of his little aching "tummy." Miss Polly laid a gentle hand on his head and covered him all warm and comfy with a pink worsted shawl.

Tinty leaned his sorry little face over the edge of the chair and cuddled it on the big dog's shoulder. "I'm very sick, Toodles," he whined, "but how could I help getting sick when I had four suppers put before me without so much as bowwow for them?"

"Tinty," answered Toodles, resting his head on the big rocker and gently moving the chair to and fro, "Tinty, do you know what old Grandmother Bowwow around the corner always says?"

"What does she say?" groaned Tinty.

" 'Too much of a good thing is good for nothing.' "

Tinty Finds Out About Cats

ONCE upon a time Tinty trotted alongside of Toodles up the carriage path.

"I can keep up with you if I run as fast as my legs will carry me," panted Tinty, with his pink tongue hanging from his pink mouth. Their forepaws touched the edge of the path at the same moment.

"You do very well," answered Toodles, who wasn't even out of breath. "With a little practice you ought to be able to run the streets with me."

"Why can't I go now?" panted Tinty.

"There are other things for you to learn right here on the place," answered Toodles.

"What can they be?" asked Tinty, staring with wondering eyes at a big black animal, with a very high, round back, arched above the fence. She had a long tail that swung angrily and two bright green eyes that glowered at Toodles and Tinty.

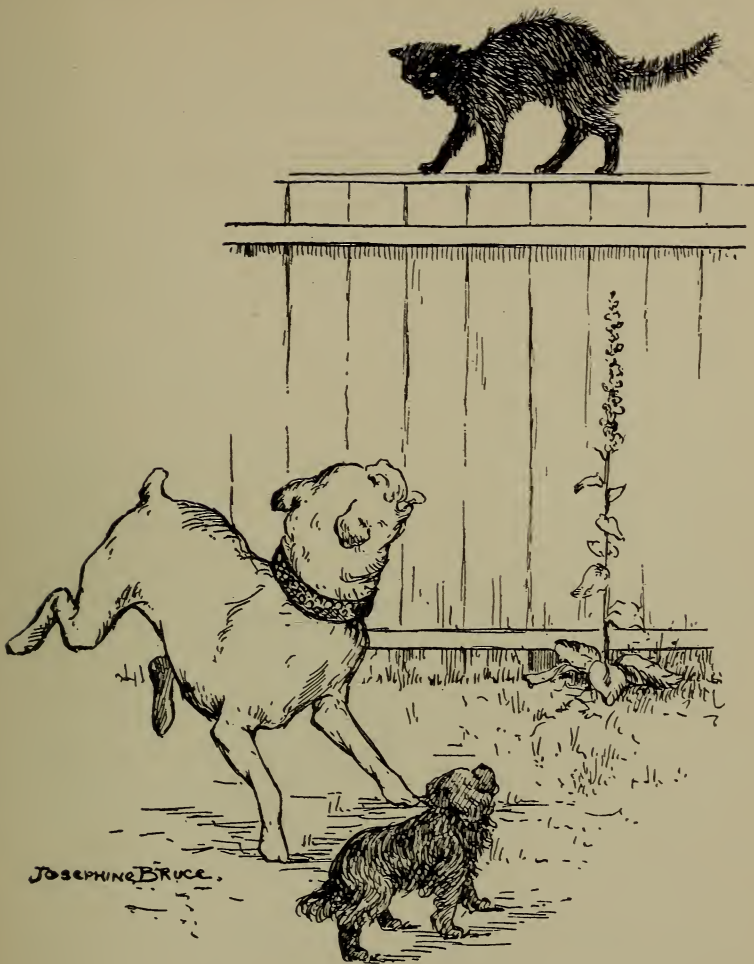
"She hasn't the proper respect for us," growled the big dog. "It's our duty to keep her off this fence, because she has four kittens on the other side."

The little puppy watched Toodles anxiously as he gave one spring and bounded toward the fence.

Mrs. Kitten Cat saw him coming.

"SPITZ!!!" she hissed with more of a light in her eyes and more of a hump in her back.

"How dare you sit up there and laugh at me on my own grounds?" he bowwowed loudly as he looked up at the angry cat. "I'll climb up the post if you don't get down the next time I bark at you."



"YIP YAP-YIP!!!" YELPED TOODLES.

Mrs. Kitten Cat put out a paw and spat loudly at Toodles.

The big dog looked up at her, snapped his strong jaws, gave one upward spring and caught the fence by his fore-legs.

Tinty lay trembling on the ground. "I do hope that creature will not bite my dear Toodles' ears off," he whimpered as Mrs. Kitten Cat drew her chops tightly across as fine a row of sharp white teeth as ever sharpened a fish bone.

But Mrs. Kitten Cat didn't use her fine white teeth; she only thrust out a soft black paw and brushed Toodles lightly on the cheek.

"YIP, YIP, YIP!!!" yelped Toodles, letting go the fence and falling to the ground as though the soft paw had hurt him very much.

"I gave you a glad paw, even if I wasn't invited to play in your yard," she hissed, lowering her fore feet and dropping hastily to the ground on the other side of the fence where the kittens were waiting for her.

Tinty shook with fright. "What could I do if that great beast dropped down from the fence?" he whimpered, trying to hide under a bush. "I'm only a little puppy."

"Stop your whining and come over here," growled Toodles, who was still rolling over and over on the ground.

"Are my eyes put out?" he asked, fearfully.

"No, they're both in," answered Tinty, looking carefully into Toodles' face. "But one of them is all red and going to sleep."

"It's out, I tell you!" snapped Toodles. "It's my eye and I ought to know."

"There's an eye on each side of your nose," comforted the little puppy, looking sorrowfully at the long, even row of scratches from Toodles' eyebrows to his nose.

"I thought at first I would never see anything out of it again but the dark, like poor, blind Tabby," he whined sadly. "You're *sure* it's there?"

"I'll lick it and make it well," answered Tinty, showing a sorry little pink tongue.

"She didn't bite you with her sharp white teeth, did she?" asked Tinty, as he licked long and patiently. "How did she ever bring all these cuts across your face with her beautiful, soft, velvety paws?"

"Her velvety paws?" yowled Toodles, rolling over and over again. "A cat's paws are nothing but long, sharp claws to scratch your eyes out with. The velvet keeps them sharp and cruel until she wants to use them."

"I wasn't afraid of her long sharp claws," said Tinty, opening his eyes until they were as big as doll's saucers, "I was afraid of her sharp white teeth; I knew, of course, that they were dangerous."

"Tinty," groaned Toodles, looking at the little puppy with the red eye shut, "there is little danger in the open jaws; it lies hidden in the velvet paws."

Afternoon Tea

ONCE upon a time Toodles looked all around him like the wise old dog he was.

"Tinty," barked Toodles, "Miss Polly is going to have 'callers' this afternoon."

"What are 'callers'?" asked the little puppy, opening his big, round eyes.

"'Callers' are just folks in their best clothes and company manners. Miss Polly always says she is glad to see them, and they are always glad to see Miss Polly, because there's always something for them to eat on the tea table."

"Puppy biscuit?" inquired Tinty.

"Not exactly," answered Toodles. "You see, folks have very poor teeth."

"Are we to be invited?" asked Tinty, wrinkling his forehead anxiously.

"Probably," replied the big dog. "You must sit on your hind legs beside the table very patiently and never offer to touch anything until Miss Polly gives you a bite. Then you go to each person in turn and beg as prettily as you know how after you have offered your paw."

"Don't you get tired, sitting up so long?" asked Tinty, yawning loudly.

"Of course, every dog does," replied Toodles, "but that is what going into society means. I heard Miss Polly say she was so uncomfortable all the time old Miss Jones was there that she did not know what to do, but she sat up politely and never growled out loud at all."

"How do you stand the waiting round until you eat?" asked the little puppy.

"I stand it just the same as folks do," answered Toodles, gaping widely. "I put a paw against a chair to steady



"WHAT HAVE THEY HERE."

myself a bit when people don't pay any attention to me or I feel tired."

"This going into society must be a nuisance," growled

Tinty. "Why can't folks eat all they want and get out when they feel like it?"

"Society isn't just eating," declared Toodles, wisely. "It's waiting around and doing all sorts of tricks before you are fed."

Tinty crept very slowly under the red portieres and looked greedily upon the newly spread table, with the dainty cups and saucers.

"What have they here?" he asked, sniffing boldly around the edge of the table. "There must be something good under that little white cloth with the fringe on it. I think I'll try one."

Tinty looked around him anxiously as he rose on his hind feet and gobbled down the chocolates as fast as any little dog could gobble chocolates.

"What is the use of sitting up and begging for one piece and being polite for a whole afternoon when I can gobble down everything on this table before Miss Polly comes in? Here she is now. What shall I do? Where can I find something to hide me?"

Tinty slunk under the table.

"Bad dog," scolded Miss Polly in her crossiest voice. "You're a sweet little creature, you are, with a pound of Huyler's in your miserable little insides. Go right straight out of this room; you're fit only for the kitchen."

Toodles jumped wildly around, showing a blue bow on his collar. "I'm going to the afternoon tea," he said, holding his head proudly above his broad chest.

"Oh, dear," whimpered Tinty. "I shall have to stay by myself this whole long afternoon."

The little dog stayed by himself as long as he could

(which was more than half an hour), then crept softly into the hall, where he could hear the hum of voices and the rattle of teacups.

"I wish I dared to go inside, even if I don't get another bite to eat," he whined softly. "Society is more than just what a dog gets to eat. You know when you're standing on the outside of it all by yourself."

Tinty's nose twitched as he heard Toodles' jaws close over some kind of a dainty. "Oh, dear," he whimpered, "I must run out of the hall, for the maid is coming out for more hot water."

Toodles followed, wagging his stumpy tail and licking his chops.

"What kind of a time are you having?" whined Tinty aloud as he looked at his friend.

"Fine!" declared Toodles joyously, licking his chops again. "I never saw a set of people who enjoyed the pleasure of my society more. They said—" Toodles lifted his head and looked up at the ceiling. "They said I would not be out of place in the Queen's drawing room."

Tinty looked at the floor and slunk under the table, where he hid himself in a basket with the onions and turnips.

"They said that you were fit for the Queen's Drawing Room," he whimpered loudly, "and Miss Polly said I was fit only for the kitchen."

"It's too bad and too true," answered Toodles, crawling under the table and laying his proud head on Tinty's hang-dog face, "but, puppy mine, you can never get any farther into society than your manners will carry you!"

Parlor Tricks

ONCE upon a time Tinty sat in the reception room.

"Come here, Tinty," said Miss Polly, leading the unwilling little puppy by his collar.

"Sit up, Tinty," she coaxed, fitting his haunches into the corner and gently taking his forepaws in her hand.

"Up, up, up, Tinty, good dog; that's right!" She smiled as the little creature tremblingly tried to keep his balance.

"Toodles," called Tinty proudly, "see me sitting up in the corner. I'm all up, I am. Miss Polly is only just touching my paws, that's all."

Tinty opened his mouth wide to take in the candy Miss Polly handed to him, while Toodles sat up on his hind legs and begged for a piece.

"Good little dog!" smiled Miss Polly, slowly taking her fingers away from Tinty.

The little forepaws that had been held up so prettily let themselves down very unsteadily, while Tinty dropped heavily on all fours from out his corner.

"Here," said Miss Polly to Toodles, who still stood upon his hind legs. "Good Toodles and Good Tinty," she said putting a piece of candy into each open mouth.

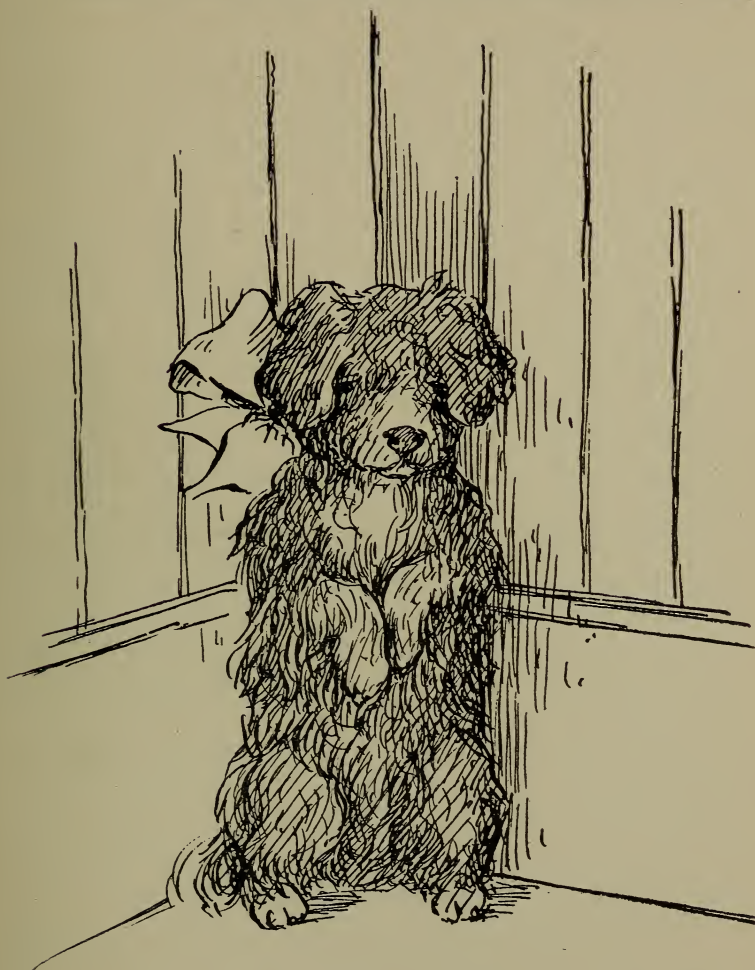
"O, Toodles," said Tinty, "I do like candy—but why do I have to be tucked into a corner and sat up on two legs as if they were all that I had to stand on? My back wobbles and my paws want to come down—and besides, it's very tiresome."

Toodles licked his chops thoughtfully as Tinty went on:

"I don't mind giving a glad paw, but what is the use of

this sitting up on your hind legs and making yourself so uncomfortable?"

"Sitting up on his hind legs is an accomplishment for a



'HE'S SO LITTLE TO SIT UP.'

dog," explained Toodles. "It's like the little girl playing on the piano; she has to sit up there in front of that thing and have her hands held up and waved over the keys until you and I just howl at the noise. But it is all that she may go into the reception room some day and show off all by herself. They will give her a big piece of candy for it."

"Tell me more about 'accomplishments,' " begged Tinty, trying to get his long pink tongue around the longest word he had ever heard.

"You see, if you know how to do things, folks will ask you into society. Maybe you will be asked in to afternoon tea with me by and by," continued Toodles, laying an affectionate nose on Tinty's soft little cheek.

It was only a few weeks later that Miss Polly took Tinty into the reception room and showed him the tea table with the silver basket of candy.

"Don't touch," said Miss Polly, taking off the little white fringed cover and showing him the tempting chocolates.

Tinty's eyes grew very big, his jaws snapped and his whole body trembled in Miss Polly's arms, but he didn't so much as try to put his anxious little nose into the dish.

The little puppy sat quietly out of sight under the table, while Toodles sat boldly on his hind legs, resting a paw on one of the carved footstools.

Tinty pricked up his ears as the company came into the room. He peeked out shyly to find that the prettiest young lady in the room was looking right at him. "Give the lady your paw," said Miss Polly, leading Tinty gently by his pink bow to the beautiful young lady.

"Isn't he the dearest little thing!" exclaimed the young lady, holding out a jeweled hand. "Let me give you my paw, too."

Tinty kept his paw in her hand politely until she took hers away, when Miss Polly said: "That isn't all that he can do, is it, Tinty?"

The little dog thumped his tail on the carpet for very joy; then he followed his mistress to the corner.

Then Tinty slowly settled himself on his haunches and tremblingly raised his forepaws as prettily as any little dog who ever traveled with a circus.

"Oh, isn't he a darling with his little pink bow? He's so little to sit up, too!" cried the young ladies, leaving their chairs and offering the little puppy more crackers and candy than he could take at one time.

"Bowwow, bowwow!" cried Toodles, who sat unnoticed on the edge of the crowd with upraised paws and trembling jaws.

"He's the cleverest little puppy I ever saw, Polly," said the prettiest young lady of them all. "I want you to be sure to bring him to my 'at home' tomorrow."

"Toodles," barked Tinty joyously, as the big dog dropped down on all fours and scrambled for the crumbs in the corner. "What do you suppose?"

"I don't suppose; tell me, can't you?" answered Toodles, with his mouth full,—which wasn't a polite thing to do at an afternoon tea.

"I'm invited to an 'at home' tomorrow. Isn't that perfectly wonderful?" asked the little puppy, whose eyes were shining with pride.

"No, it isn't wonderful when you come to think of it. Everybody is anxious to entertain a dog who knows a few parlor tricks."

Tinty and Miss Polly's New Hat

ONCE upon a time Tinty saw a box lying on the floor of Miss Polly's room.

"It's big enough for six puppies and a mamma to live in," barked the little dog, raising his forepaws and peeking anxiously within. "I do wonder what that thing can be?"

Then the curious little puppy leaned heavily upon the box with his forepaws and poked deeply into the box—just as far down as a snub nose could poke.

"Flip Flop!" went the big box; "Yip, Yip!" yowled the little dog under the box.

Tinty thought the world was tumbling down around his ears, but he was too brave a puppy to keep whining for more than the time it takes a little dog to call three times for help. Then he got to work to help Tinty.

He butted a round little head and lifted a broad little pair of shoulders and kept doing it over and over again with all his tiny might until he had worked his way back into the world again.

"This thing must be an umbrella to carry to a party," said Tinty as he lay resting on the floor with his head nestled in a garden of rosebuds. "I don't believe Miss Polly would even know whether I took a big slice off the outside or not."

The little puppy buried his teeth in the outer brim and chewed away with happy growling noises that showed how very busily he was working.

"I'm tired of this stuff, it's just like the basket upstairs,"

said Tinty dropping the straw from his strong jaws and sniffing the pink flowers with his black snub nose.

"Oh, my, but it's fun!" he barked friskly happily up and down the room and shaking the posies as hard as a terrier shakes a rat. "What puppy would believe that these things are made of so many pieces, and every color, too. Here



RESTING ON THE FLOOR WITH HIS HEAD IN A GARDEN OF ROSEBUDS.

are some long hard green stems with wires in them that do my teeth good. Oh, its fun to tear up a whole garden all at once."

Tinty took tight hold of the big hat and dragged it after him with all his little might. Then he rolled over with it until it lay upside down on the floor among the fallen petals that hid the green carpet.

"I'm going to chew the rag now," growled Tinty pulling out a white silk cloth that broke easily away from the long loose stitches. Tinty held the gathering string of white satin baby ribbon between his teeth and kept on pulling until he found the inside.

"It's only more straw," whined Tinty going back to the fallen rose leaves.

"Oh, my beautiful Easter hat! You little wretch!" cried Miss Polly coming into her room and surprising Tinty whose pink lined mouth was stuffed with a torn rose.

Miss Polly didn't wait to pull it out of his mouth—she just pounced on her darling little puppy and laid him face downward on her knee. Then she slapped him as many times over and over again in the same place as any little dog has to be slapped in that one place to get what naughty little boys and girls know is a good spanking.

Nothing had ever hurt Tinty's little feelings so in all his little life. He yelped loudly for every spank and the one that he knew was coming while Toodles slowly crawled up the stairs. Toodles couldn't count like the dog at the circus, but he knew there were many more spanks for Tinty to sit under than there were stairs for him to climb.

The little puppy ran yelping from beneath his mistress' angry hand as fast as his four legs would carry him and buried his face in the carpet under the big winged chair.

Miss Polly still kept on scolding. "If you're so fond of eating hats you may have what is left of this one for your luncheon, and your dinner,—and your breakfast tomorrow morning. Do you hear, you miserable little puppy?"

Miss Polly went out into the hall and closed the door with a bang that frightened Tinty.

It was a long time before the little dog dared to peek out from his hiding place and crawl into the light where he found a soft little bed among the chewed up pieces of Miss Polly's beautiful hat.

"Bowwow," called Toodles loudly scratching at the door.

The little puppy rose to his feet and trotted very slowly and lamely across the room to the threshold.

"I want to talk to you," ordered Toodles putting his mouth close to the crack. "Sit down."

"I can't just yet," whimpered Tinty looking around back of him. "I've been spanked."

"What for?" barked the big dog sharply.

"Just 'cause I chewed up something," whimpered Tinty.

"What was it?" snapped Toodles.

"Miss Polly said it was her new hat. That's why she spanked me so hard."

"I'm ashamed of you," growled Toodles. "How could you do such a mean thing when Miss Polly is so good to us?"

"I couldn't help doing it," whimpered Tinty. "My teeth just ached for that hat. I couldn't help chewing it up because 'puppies will be puppies.'"

"Who has been talking that sort of nonsense to you?" asked Toodles with a short angry bark.

"Miss Polly's mamma said so," answered Tinty proudly, "She scolded Miss Polly because she didn't put her hat on the high shelf. She did."

"Tinty," said Toodles. "I'm not one bit sorry for that spanking for I can tell you that a puppy who is clever enough to find out such an excuse for himself is old enough to keep his teeth out of Sunday best go to Meeting hats!"

Toodles and Tinty and the Birthday Cake

ONCE upon a time Tinty tried to run away from Miss Polly who was washing his face and paws very clean with a pink bordered facecloth marked "TINTY."

"Don't try to run away and hide," barked Toodles with a wag of his tail that almost wagged him, "for I am sure that something is going to happen. I never was washed so clean even on a Sunday before."

Toodles and Tinty dressed in their blue and pink neck ribbons followed Miss Polly grandly down into the dining room.

"Where is the big table?" asked Tinty looking around him with wide open eyes.

"Miss Polly hides a part of it sometimes," explained Toodles who had been looking behind the door. "It must be a party for two people this time because there are only two chairs."

"How do you know it's a party?" asked Tinty opening his eyes very wide and frisking round the room as hard as a little puppy can frisk when he is sure that there is going to be a party.

"When folks shut the blinds in the daytime and light candles there is sure to be a party," answered Toodles wagging his tail so fast that Tinty could hardly see it go.

"What a funny little chair," said Tinty looking up at the strange thing that had long legs like the giraffe who was carried by Tinty's house before Tinty had had time to get his eyes open.

TOODLES AND TINTY AND THE BIRTHDAY CAKE

"I want to beg beside this little chair," said Tinty putting a paw on the bottom rung.

Toodles took his post at the big chair.

"Bowwow wow!!" barked Tinty to Toodles as Miss Polly took him from his lowly place and lifted him right up into the high chair and set his clean forepaws on the edge of the clean table cloth.

Toodles jumped up into the big chair without waiting to be helped, while Miss Polly tied a napkin around Tinty's neck in two ends that stuck up like frightened Bunny's ears.

"Bowwow wow!!" barked Toodles and Tinty both at the same time as Miss Polly laid before them a platter of Hamburg steak which everyone knows is the only kind of steak a polite dog wants to eat at a party.

O, Toodles," barked Tinty, in a sharp bowwow, "There's a dog on the bottom of this plate who won't lick off."

"He won't hurt you," answered Toodles looking kindly across at the little puppy.

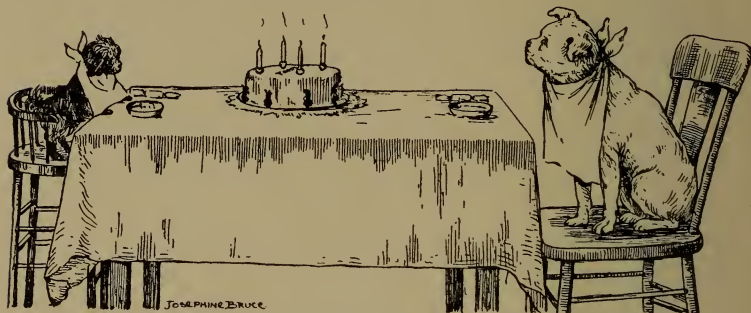
"O, Toodles, what is this?" marked Tinty joyously as he stood right up on his hind legs and leaned his forepaws on the table.

"You are looking upon your first birthday cake," explained Toodles proudly pointing at the centre of the table. "There are four candles on it this year—three are for the three years I have already lived and one is to grow on. I know all about it because I had a birthday cake with two candles when I was one year old and another with three candles when I was two years old."

"What's that red embroidery in the middle and what are

those brown things?" sniffed Tinty who wasn't keeping as far back in his chair as a little dog should at a party.

"That is my name spelled out," explained Toodles pointing with his nose to the cake. "Those chocolate things are Bunnies sitting on their haunches and holding their forelegs out straight the way Bunnies always do."



"O, TOODLES WHAT IS THIS?"

Toodles and Tinty both sat up very politely while Miss Polly cut two big slices of cake with a bunny and a candle on each slice.

"Puff, puff, puff!" said Miss Polly to the little candles that turned out their pretty yellow lights and sent up choky wreaths of smoke.

Toodles and Tinty both coughed as the little candles put out their lights.

Toodles ate his chocolate Bunny first but Tinty licked off the frosting with a lively tongue. Then he slowly licked up the cake crumbs around the edge of the plate.

"Oh, what is this?" bowwowed Tinty, as Miss Polly brought on two glass dishes. "It's too cold to eat now; I'm going to wait until its gets warm."

TOODLES AND TINTY AND THE BIRTHDAY CAKE

"It's ice cream," said Toodles who looked up with very white whiskers from his plate. "It stays only when it's cold; it runs away when it's warm."

Tinty slowly licked the white mound while Toodles took mouthfuls that the little mouse in the pantry couldn't help hearing if he were anywhere near his hole.

Miss Polly took off the napkin that was tied around Tinty's neck and wiped the whiteness of his nose and whiskers all away.

Then Miss Polly took away Toodles' napkin and laid two presents on the table.

"I wonder what mine can be?" asked the little puppy looking at the bundle of pink fringed paper with the gold band that held it in place. "I wonder why I can't smell those little pink roses growing in the centre?"

The little puppy looked over to see that Toodles had a blue fringed package with a silver band upon it. Toodles was sniffing the forget-me-nots upon their silvery bed.

Tinty looked proudly over at Toodles while Miss Polly pulled the ends of the little package.

"Snap!" called a voice inside.

Tinty dropped down behind the tablecloth, but Miss Polly pulled him up again to show him what was hidden in the package.

It was a little white lace bonnet just big enough for a baby dear or a puppy dog.

Tinty tried to take away his head and whined sadly while Miss Polly put the bonnet on his head and tied the strings under his fat chin.

"I'm not afraid to open a snap bon bon,—I've had

birthdays before," said Toodles putting a paw on his beautiful favor, but Miss Polly took it from him.

"Snap" went the little blue package and out came a blue dunce cap and a little ringing bell.

"Tinty," barked Toodles, "I don't want to wear this old blue dunce cap with the bell on it any any more than you want to wear your white bonnet with the strings upon it,"

"Yours fits anyway," answered Tinty looking sweetly out from under his white ruffled baby cap.

Miss Polly said "Puff" to the two little candles that had grown to be only baby candles by this time and offered her hand to each of the dogs who politely held out their paws.

Then they scampered down from the table as happily as two dogs in a dunce cap and a baby bonnet can scamper down from a table.

"Toodles," whined Tinty, "I just hate old party clothes."

"So do I," answered Toodles rolling over on the floor and catching at the dunce cap with both paws.

"Why didn't you growl at Miss Polly when she put it on?" asked Tinty with his mouth full of white strings.

"Tinty," answered Toodles as he chewed the blue paper into balls, it's never polite to try to get out of anything people try to put onto you at a party in your honor."

Tinty Makes Friends With a Kitten

ONCE upon a time Toodles went all over the house looking for Tinty.

"Tinty," barked the big dog poking his nose under the sofa. "What are you whining about under there?"

The little dog slowly crawled forward until Toodles could see his sorry face.

"Ow, ow, ow!" he whined, "There's a horrid little beast in the kitchen who has come to take my place with Miss Polly.

"What kind of a creature is it?" asked Toodles with a straight look to his usually happy tail.

"It's little, but it looks like the big black cat who sits on the fence and carries claws under her velvet paws," whimpered Tinty.

"It's one of her kittens," snapped Toodles.

"What are kittens?" asked the little puppy.

"Kittens are little animals that grow into cats and then have more kittens," barked Toodles savagely. "It's no wonder there are so many of the miserable creatures on our fences. There are ten of the beasts to one decent dog in the neighborhood."

"Do folks like them better than they do us?" asked Tinty with big sorrowful eyes.

"Indeed they don't," snapped Toodles, "but folks don't have to pay five dollars and fifteen cents for a mother cat every time the pussy willows come out down by the brook. It takes real live money to keep our mothers from going straight to the Happy Hunting Grounds."

"I know what we can do," said Tinty wrinkling his forehead anxiously. "We can be so hateful to that kitten that the big black cat will have to come over the fence and carry her home again."

"The big black cat is only a boarder over there," exclaimed Toodles. "That family will never take this kitten again if they have luck enough to get rid of her once."

"O, Toodles," whimpered Tinty throwing himself down on the ground at the big dog's feet. "Miss Polly took that creature into her arms, she did. I saw her—and she patted her just the same way that she does me. I scratched her dress and put both my forepaws up and cried, but all she said was, 'Go away, Tinty, there's a good little dog.'"

"Poor Tinty," comforted Toodles licking the wrinkled forehead.

"By and by she won't let me go up in her lap at all," whimpered Tinty. "I used to be her darling little puppykins, but now there is no place for me in the wide, wide world. I wish I could swallow a tooth and die, or have a fit, or catch distemper or something so that Miss Polly would feel sorry she was so cross to her little Tinty."

"She would be sorry," said Toodles licking the little puppy very tenderly. "But think how many more chances that little kitten would have if you were safely out of her way. If I were you I'd be polite even if I didn't like her. You must be for Miss Polly's sake."

"Be polite to a kitten whose own mother scratched your eye most out. I saw her myself, I did."

"I know it isn't in dog nature," agreed Toodles, "but it is a duty we owe Miss Polly while we are living under her roof."

"I wouldn't care so much if Miss Polly hadn't poured the milk into my bowl and told me to keep away—her own darling little puppy. That's what she used to say all herself," whined Tinty piteously.

"Come out and have a run and forget it," said Toodles, starting for the door.

Tinty cocked his good ear towards the backstairs and listened very carefully all in the dark night when he and Toodles were asleep in their little beds.

"I wonder why that kitten is making all that noise to keep me awake," snapped Tinty, stretching himself and rising to his feet all at once. "I'm going downstairs to tell her to keep her meowing to herself. I'm sure nobody else wants it."

"Mew! mew! mew! mew!" cried the little kitten, who stood huddled up in a bunch beside the cold stove. "Mew! mew! mew!"

She opened her mouth very wide to show a little pink tongue, while her eyes shone out like two tiny lamps in the darkness.

"I wish you'd hush your meowing and let me have some sleep," snapped the little dog very crossly.

"Mew! mew! mew!" cried the poor little kitten, huddling more closely in her corner and opening her mouth more widely than before.

"I don't see anything to frighten you," yawned Tinty as he looked carefully around the room.

"I want my mother; I want my mother!" meowed the kitten in the sorriest little voice in all kittendom.

"Why, I had one myself before I came here," barked Tinty, feeling just a bit sorry for the little stranger.

"What did you do all by yourself on the first night?" asked the kitten, unhuddling just the least little bit.

"I had Toodles," explained Tinty; "he was just as good as any dog can be but your mother."

"You were cross to me when I first came," meowed the



TOODLES FOUND THEM TOGETHER.

little kitten. "You see I wanted to make friends, because you were little, too. Toodles is so big that I am afraid of him."

"Poor little kitty," said Tinty, laying a cold nose on the sorry bunch of fur. "Lie down side of me and see if you can't go to sleep."

"My mamma always purred me to sleep. Can you purr?" meowed the little kitten, snuggling up to Tinty's warm body.

"I can only growl, but I will try to do it very softly," answered Tinty in an ashamed voice. "But I will stay

right here with you, you poor little kitty cat without a mamma, because I know just how you feel."

The little kitten cuddled in between Tinty's forepaws and hid her face on his broad chest.

Toodles found them together. Tinty was growling a lullaby as best he knew.

"I thought you just hated that kitten," said Toodles, looking down on the happy pair.

"I did," answered Tinty in a soft voice, "but I was sorry for her when I found how unhappy she was without her mamma."

"Do you remember the first night you came here?" asked Toodles, with a laugh in his tail.

"I just do," answered Tinty, looking lovingly down on the bunch of fur between his paws. "That's why I know how to be sorry for this little kitten."

Tinty's Little Friend

ONCE upon a time Tinty trotted proudly out in his tan coat with the brown fur around it. He was very proud of his winter coat, because all the little children coming out of school used to stop him on the corner and say: "Aren't you a dear little puppy? Your name is 'T-I-N-T-Y'—I know, because I know how to spell."

The little puppy was always willing to give the children a paw on every corner and doorstep and to wait patiently until they opened their pockets to let him look for a piece of cake or candy.

Sometimes Tinty would chase the little girls who wore their hair in flying braids and catch the long ribbons in his mouth. Then the children would all laugh and call out, "You're caught!"

"I just do love all the children," said Tinty, wagging his tail happily, "and all the children love me. I never saw a child in all my life with whom I couldn't make friends. Just look ahead of us, Toodles."

The big dog looked up to see a little girl taking tight hold of her mamma's hand, as all little girls always do.

"She is the sweetest little girl I ever saw," said Tinty, looking lovingly up at a tiny tot in a white fur coat and a big poke bonnet with rosebuds on it.

Tinty walked toward her wagging his tail and trembling with happiness from the snub of his nose to the tip of his tail.

"I never saw anything more cunning than that little fur coat and that big muff except my own little fur coat with

my name on it," bowwowed Tinty, cocking his head on one side and looking up at the little girl with a very loving fact. "I wonder if those little black tails in her muff and tippet spell her name, too."



THE LITTLE DOG WALKED CLOSE UP TO THE LITTLE GIRL.

The little dog walked close up to the little girl and looked at her white leggins and tiny rubber boots. "She is a lucky little girl," thought Tinty, lifting first one cold foot and then the other; "she doesn't have to lie on her back and chew the ice out of her feet every time she walks on the cold ground the way we do."

Tinty bent his little body with many shakes and trembles to one side and laid his head lovingly down on the nearer rubber boot. Then he felt of the soft white leggings with his soft black nose.

"Oh, why doesn't she hold out her paw or open her pocket for me?" whined Tinty, trying to snuggle even closer, as the little girl kept moving farther and farther away from him.

"I am going to jump up on her and make her notice me," bowwowed Tinty, frisking round and round in a circle and coming back again.

"I'll stand up on my hind legs and put my paws on her shoulders and say 'Bowwow'! Then she will have to speak to me. Won't she just love to see a little puppy in a fur coat with his name written on it? She will just love me, she will, when she finds out how I can hold out my paw and make friends."

Tinty wagged his tail joyously, raised his forepaws to the little ermine tippet and kissed the little girl with his pink tongue right under the big poke bonnet.

"Mamma! O, mamma! Maaaaaaaaa!" screamed the little girl, hanging tight hold of her mamma and hiding her face from loving little Tinty.

"I'll try again," thought Tinty, standing on his hind feet and raising his forepaws to the back of the little ermine tippet, where he licked the end of a soft yellow curl.

"Ma-ma-aaaa!" screamed the little girl again, as she drew more tightly to her mamma.

Tinty dropped to the ground, feeling, oh, so ashamed of himself, and whined humbly at the little girl's feet.

Then the little girl's mamma patted poor Tinty on the

head and said: "Nice little puppy to love my little girl; you don't mean to hurt her, do you?"

Tinty trembled all over and looked up at the lady with big eyes that told her he knew what she was saying to him. Then he slowly held out his right paw.

"That's the way to make friends," said the little girl's mother, stooping down and taking the outstretched paw. "See, my child, the little puppy only wants to make friends. Won't you shake hands with him?"

The little girl looked at the little dog as if she were very much afraid of him and hid her hands in the big white muff with the black tails on it.

Tinty whined out loud and held out his paw again.

Then a wonderful thing happened. A fat round mittened hand stole out of the muff and took Tinty's outstretched paw. Tinty trembled all over, so that his paw shook itself almost off, and looked up at the little girl with a low and tender whine.

Then he put out a loving pink tongue and gently brushed the fat white mitten.

"I love you," said the little girl, not letting go his paw until Tinty was so tired of sitting on three feet that he had to draw it gently from her.

Then Tinty rolled over on his back and waved his paws to see if he could get them warm again after sitting in the cold snow.

"You dear little puppy!" cried the little girl, as she knelt right down in the cold snow in her beautiful fur coat and put her arms around Tinty. "I just love you," she smiled as she laid a cold pink cheek against the little mole with one whisker on it that was on Tinty's cheek.

"I do just love you," she said again in a voice as sweet as the bells that call the children to the village church.

"I want you to come home with me and be my little puppy," said the little girl. "You can sleep in my dolly's bed and have all the bones from the dining room table."

Tinty rolled over and over in his fur coat for very happiness, but the little girl's mamma took the little girl by the hand and led her away.

The little girl smiled back over her shoulder as Tinty shook himself and wagged his tail happily.

"She just loves me—that little girl does; I've made another friend, I have!" bowwowed Tinty to Toodles, joyously.

"It's a wonder you made friends with her after the way you frightened her," barked the old dog, with a knowing look. "A wise dog is never too familiar at first."

Toodles and Tinty Fight

ONCE upon a time Toodles and Tinty sat before the kitchen door waiting for their dinner.

"It's chicken," said Toodles, with an upward sniff. "I do wish they would hurry; it's cold waiting here in the snow."

"Is it soup or is it roasted?" asked Tinty, anxiously. "I wish the family would let us have our chicken before they make soup."

"They always give us the wings the first day," said Toodles.

"That's because they're fit only for a dog. What does 'fit for a dog' mean?"

"It means the best a dog can get in this world," answered the big dog, pricking up his ears. "The cook is coming."

"Here, Tinty; here, Toodles," called the cook, throwing a chicken carcass on the snow-covered ground between them.

The two dogs pounced on it and buried their teeth in the squashy framework.

"I got it first," snapped Toodles.

"I got it first," snapped Tinty.

"Grrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrl," said both Toodles and Tinty at once, as their teeth buried themselves more deeply in their dinner.

"I'll bite if you don't let go," growled Toodles, letting go his grip on the chicken carcass and fastening his teeth in Tinty's saucy little ear. (The little dog's ears were

all left on just as the Lord made him and gave him to his mamma.)

"Yip, yip, yip!" yelped the little dog letting go the precious chicken and trying to get away from Toodles.

"Let me go, Oh, let me go," he yelped more loudly as something warm ran down his face. "Oh, stop, Toodles; can't you see that my ear is running away from me all over the ground?"

But Toodles wouldn't let go.

The door opened. "Stop, Toodles!" screamed the cook, as she choked the big dog by his broad brass collar with the knobs on it.

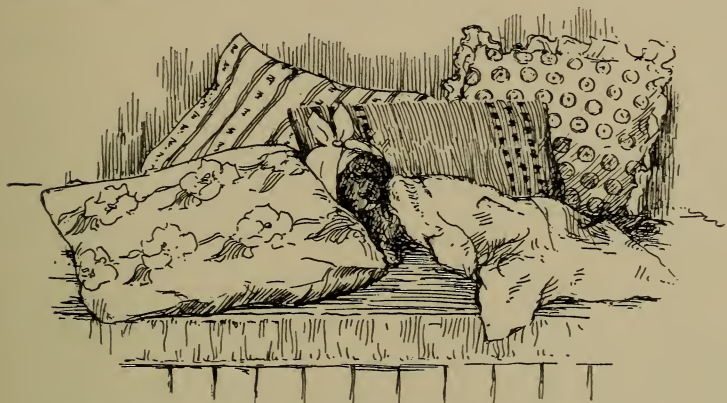
Toodles looked slowly down upon the reddening snow and then let go the long sharp teeth that were buried in Tinty's soft little ear. He sank to the ground for very shame and whined piteously: "Oh, Tinty, I'm so sorry; I didn't know what I was doing. You may have the chicken—all of it to show how truly sorry I am."

But Tinty didn't so much as look at the chicken—he only whined and yelped piteously while the blood ran down from his sorry little ear—the saucy little ear that could lie over ever so lazily or stand up so proudly and move itself to Toodles' every bowwow was hanging helplessly over the side of Tinty's head.

"Poor little Tinty!" cried Miss Polly, coming out into the driveway and carrying Tinty into the house, where she laid him on the sofa in the den.

Tinty yelped loudly while Miss Polly washed the bleeding ear and dried it with cotton softer and whiter than the snow outside. Then she wrapped soft white bandages round and round until all you could see of Tinty's face was

one little stick-up ear, a big brown eye and a snub of a nose above his drooping mouth. Then she tied a white silk handkerchief outside of the bandages and knotted it on the top of Tinty's head in two big Bunny's ears that were prettier than any bow that Tinty ever wore to an afternoon tea.



THE LITTLE DOG PEEPED FROM HIS WRAPPINGS.

The little dog peeped from out his wrappings to whine at Toodles, who crawled into the room with his tail tucked in between his trembling legs.

"Toodles, come here," said Miss Polly, coming in with a stout branch from the garden.

Tinty looked sorrowfully down from his place on the cushions to see Miss Polly grabbing Toodles by his brass knobbed collar.

"Yip, yip, yip!" yelped the big dog, jumping wildly under the stinging blows.

"I'm sorry," Toodles tried to say as Miss Polly led him away and cast him into the outer hall.

It was two days before Toodles saw Tinty cuddled up among the cushions at the head of the lounge. He crawled very slowly to the foot of the sofa and shyly put up his forepaws. Then he raised himself until he lay humbly on the foot of the sofa.

Tinty looked down at him with the most forgiving smile in all the world. "I'm sorry they whipped you, Toodles," he said, moving his head very stiffly. The little ear still hung sorrowfully down.

The big dog could only hide his head in the striped Afghan. "I'm so ashamed I can't look up," he bowwowed, keeping his face from the little sick puppy.

Tinty barked joyously: "Oh, you do love me after all better than an old chicken bone."

Toodles crawled slowly to the head of the sofa and kissed the loving little face. "Tinty," he whispered, hiding his nose in the big pillow, "I can only be sorry for that little ear and love it. I'd lick my tongue off to make it stand up straight again, but it isn't any use. I could keep on licking until I'm older than Methuselah, who has lived longer than any dog in our town."

Tinty hid his face in the sofa cushions and whimpered pitifully: "Could you hurt my pretty little stick-up ear so badly in one moment that you couldn't lick it well again in all your life, Toodles?"

"That is just what I have done," answered Toodles, crouching between the pillows and hiding his eyes from the forgiving little nose that crept close to his hidden head. "A dog can do more harm in a moment that he can make up for in a lifetime."

Tinty and the Stairs

ONCE upon a time Tinty and Toodles came to the foot of the stairs.

Toodles climbed up in long jumps, but Tinty sat sadly in the hall below.

"Come on," bowwowed Toodles cocking up his ears and wagging his tail.

"I can't," whimpered Tinty, dropping his one stick-up saucy ear and tucking his tail in. Then the little dog opened his mouth and howled as only this little dog could when he was left all by his little "lonesome."

But Miss Polly heard her little puppy dog crying in the lower hall.

Tinty's mouth began to twitch when he saw his mistress coming with a piece of cake in her hand. His jaws just snapped like a toy cannon when he saw that the cake had thick white frosting on the top of it.

But Miss Polly didn't give Tinty even one bite. She broke the cake into two pieces and laid a piece on each of the two lower stairs just above his reach.

Tinty's little mouth and nose looked so sorry at first that all he could do was to say "Ow, ow, ow!"—just as if he were a wee puppy dog who had only just left his mamma.

Then Tinty grew very cross. He just jumped up at the cake until he once almost touched it with his snubby black nose.

"Bowwow, WOW!" barked the little dog. "That stair is only a little taller than I."

Then Tinty gave a spring with all his little might and

main and caught the piece of cake with the thick white frosting on it.

The little puppy licked his chops and sat looking up at the next stair.

"But what is the use of licking my chops for more when I might be getting my teeth into the real thing?" barked Tinty putting his soft pink tongue into his saucy mouth and drawing his feet together for a grand spring.

"Bowwow WOW!" barked Tinty as his forefeet landed on the first stair and his hind feet slowly drew up after.

The little dog looked up at the next stair where a bigger piece of cake with thick white frosting was waiting for a little puppy dog who wasn't afraid to climb.

"Bowwow WOW!" barked Tinty looking up with eyes as big and round as lolly pops and a nose as wiggly as moving pictures. "I can get this piece, too. I wonder why it doesn't seem any higher above my head than the other piece?"

"Good Tinty, you'll get it," remarked Toodles who stood on the top stair watching his little friend anxiously.

"BOWWOW WOW!" barked Toodles loudly as Tinty jumped up, snapped his jaws and looked up at Toodles with a pair of very stuffy cheeks and sugary whiskers.

After that Tinty went every day to the foot of the staircase and climbed a few stairs higher. Miss Polly had left a bit of cake on every stair waiting for him—the pieces of cake grew bigger and bigger as the stairs grew higher and higher. When Tinty climbed to the second landing he found a whole little round frosted cake just big enough for a puppy dog waiting for him. After that day

there were no more crumbs on every stair but there was a big dish of ice cream in the hall above.

"My, but it's good," barked Toodles. "You can smell it, can't you?"

"Oh, how can I ever get way up there?" whimpered Tinty to Toodles who was always too polite to steal anything when he knew that it was meant for his little Tinty.

"Keep on climbing," barked Toodles cheerfully pointing his nose at the plate of ice cream.

"I'm all out of breath," puffed Tinty in a sad whine as he stopped almost at the top stair. His mouth was wide open and his tongue was hanging out—if ever any little puppy dog wanted some ice cream it was Tinty Barker.

"Keep on," barked Toodles just above him. "There's only one stair more."

Then Tinty pulled himself together again and gave one spring that landed him in the hall above.

"BOWWOW WOW!" barked Toodles circling around happy Tinty who buried his anxious nose and mouth in the cold ice cream. Tinty made room for Toodles with him in the dish because there was more than ice cream enough for one little puppy dog, even if his pink velvety tongue was hanging out.

The two dogs politely licked the plate and then licked their chops while they stretched themselves on the thick fur rug that lay in the upper hall.

Tinty looked over the long steep stairs into the hall below. "How did I ever get all the way up here?" he asked turning a pair of wondering eyes on the big dog. "I can't see how a little puppy dog like me ever did it."

"It was easy enough, Tintykins," said Toodles licking the little puppy's upturned face. "You see you came up here *one* stair at a time."

Tinty Climbs to a High Place

ONCE upon a time Tinty saw the breakfast table just as the family had left it a moment before. The little puppy looked all around him very carefully to see if any one were looking as he said: "There must be something good left up there, because the family are never polite enough to lick their platters clean and please the cook."

Tinty raised his forepaws and stood on his hind paws until he had made himself long enough to lay his head on the nearest chair. "I'll jump up now," bowwowed Tinty, trying to catch hold of the seat by his claws and falling backwards. "O, dear," whined the little puppy sadly. "This chair won't help me up, it won't. I'll try the next one and the next."

"They are all too high," growled Tinty, looking up again at the tablecloth. "I wonder if I could put my teeth into that thing and bring down the breakfast that's waiting for me if only I can get hold of it."

Tinty pulled and tugged at the tablecloth and then threw himself under the table to have a little whine all by his little lonesome.

"I wonder if that's a thing to help a dog up?" asked Tinty, looking at a leather footstool that stood before a chair. "I'm going to try to climb up it and then I'll be as tall as Toodles."

"Oh, Oh, Oh!" cried Tinty, as he slowly worked his way to the top of the footstool and saw the seat of a chair not so very far above him.

Tinty gave a long hard spring and fell backwards with a sorry thud to the ground, where he had started.

"I'll try again," barked Tinty, forgetting all about how sore his little sides felt, and thinking only of the good things above his head.



TO SEE IF THE FAMILY BURY THEIR BONES IN HERE.

Tinty fell back a second time with a thump that was all the louder because he had tried the harder to spring from the footstool to the chair.

"I'll try again," said Tinty, tightening his square little jaw and holding his body in readiness for a big spring. "I'll never give up so long as I'm a live dog with any climb left in me."

Then Tinty made a long, steady spring that landed him safely up in the slippery seat of the naughty chair that had sent him back from the place he had started from so many times.

"Bowwow wow!" cried Tinty, who knew that this was

not the place to stop, for the things he longed for lay still far above him.

The little dog stood on the tips of his hind paws and set his forepaws in the thickly padded cloth that covered the table.

"I can't get a paw's length ahead with all this pulling and tugging," barked Tinty, "but I'll get there some day if I don't mind keeping at it."

At last one long strong pull on the tablecloth brought his head over the edge of the table. His hind legs slowly but surely followed after.

"BOWWOW WOW!!!" barked Tinty as loudly as he knew how and looked proudly at the cloth beneath his feet, on which lay the good things for which he had climbed.

"I'll eat the meat off the bones before I bury them in my yard," said Tinty to himself, as he went quickly from plate to plate. "Here's a butter ball—a whole one. Miss Polly must have left it for me, because she knows I just do like butter."

"It's funny how the family always have a little garden in the center of the table," said Tinty, looking at the bright red poinsettias growing amid a border of maiden hair ferns. "I'm going to scratch up a piece to see if the family bury their bones in here."

"There's nothing there but dirty earth," said Tinty, stopping to lick his chops and wiping his feet carefully on the tablecloth.

Then Tinty went slowly around from cup to cup and licked out the sugar in the bottom until his little whiskers were all sticky again.

"You horrid little beast," cried Miss Polly, coming into

the dining room and bending over the broken flowers. "Who would have thought of a puppy getting way up here?"

Tinty didn't cry or run—he just looked at Miss Polly and held out a loving paw while she scolded. The little puppy didn't take his paw back, but kept waving it as he whined in a sad little voice that made Miss Polly feel sad, too.

"I suppose I shall have to forgive you," said Miss Polly, putting the broken poinsetta in her hair and looking in the mirror over the sideboard.

Toodles came leaping into the room. "How did you ever get way up there?" he barked in a cheerful voice.

"I began at the bottom and climbed up over everything until it stopped knocking me down," explained Tinty. "I didn't mind how much it hurt me, because I wasn't thinking about anything but reaching the top."

"Are you sure you didn't hurt yourself?" asked Toodles.

"I don't care if I did," answered Tinty. "I forgot all about it the moment I got up. But aren't you surprised that I *am* up here?"

"Not a bit," said Toodles, "when you're an old dog like me, you'll know that a dog who can stand hard knocks will get to the top every time."

Toodles and Tinty Have Christmas

ONCE upon a time Tinty looked up at the mantelpiece with both eyes wide open. "Come, Toodles," he barked. "Why do you suppose the family are hanging their stockings up here tonight? I never knew them to do such a thing before."

"That's because you are less than one year old. If you had ever seen a Christmas you would know that those stockings are hung up empty over night and filled with all sorts of good things before morning. They call the things 'presents,' because you don't have to pay for them."

"Do you suppose we shall find anything?" asked Tinty.

"Indeed we shall," answered Toodles. "One of those stockings is for me and the other is for you. Now, let's go to bed and sleep the time away as fast as we can."

"It will be a very long night," yawned Tinty, walking slowly away from the fireplace.

"It's the longest in the year," answered the big dog, looking kindly down on Tinty. "The littlest child knows that."

"Why can't we wake the family up real early?" asked Tinty.

"We won't have to wake them up at all; they wake themselves up on Christmas morning," answered Toodles.

"Come, Toodles; come, Tinty!" cried Miss Polly in the dark night when the stars were still shining in through the open window.

The little dog hung on Miss Polly's long blue train and nipped mischievously at the blue slippers with the fuzzy



JOSEPHINE BRUCE

"CHOOSE, TINTY," SHE SAID.

swansdown tops as they went down the hall to the mantelpiece.

Miss Polly took Tinty right up in her arms and held him before the long row of stockings. "Choose, Tinty," she said, holding his nose over each one and waiting very patiently for him to make up his puppy mind.

"Bowwow! Wow!!!" barked Tinty wildly, ploughing his snubby nose down into a stocking at the farther end.

"Smart dog!" cried Miss Polly, as she laid the stocking on the floor. "How did you know that it was yours? Here's one for you, Toodles."

The big dog was sitting up on his hind legs and begging as politely as he knew how.

The little dog buried his nose in the stocking and shook it until he found something very tough and just a little bit "smelly." It rattled when he shook it. "O, Toodles," he cried, jumping round and round and pulling at the bundle, "I do believe I have a collar just like yours."

"But that isn't all I've found. Here's a padlock with a little key for Miss Polly to wear on her watch chain. Such a dear little one I could swallow it whole."

Miss Polly slipped the collar round Tinty's thick neck and clasped it at the last hole.

"It's very loose," said Tinty to Toodles, as he gave his head a shake and made the collar rattle out loud. "But I've head enough to keep it on."

Miss Polly hid the bones high on the mantelpiece while she locked the little brass padlock with the tiny key. Then she seated herself in the big wing chair and held out her hands to Toodles and Tinty.

The little dog looked at Toodles. "I suppose she is

waiting for us to give her a present now," he said sadly, looking down on his empty paws. "But what has a little dog like me to give on Christmas day?"

The big dog made no answer, but sprang up into Miss Polly's lap and rested his head lovingly against her shoulder. Tinty scrambled after him with the help of Miss Polly and rested his head on the other shoulder. Tinty's tail wagged his body so fast that it just shook with delight and his good ear stood up as straight as the chimney Santa Claus had come down.

Miss Polly took a pair of empty forepaws in each of her hands. "Good dogs!" she smiled.

Tinty rattled his collar and snuggled under Miss Polly's chin; so did Toodles.

"Bowwow WOW!" said Tinty in his politest voice, putting a cold nose against his mistress' little pink ear.

"You dear little thing," cried Miss Polly, "I do believe you are trying to say 'Thank you.' If you are, say 'yes,' " begged Miss Polly, making Tinty look straight at her with his big eyes and nodding her head backward and forward. The little dog never took his eyes from hers as he moved his head up and down in a nod as really truly as Miss Polly's own.

"You darling little puppykins," whispered Miss Polly, taking Tinty right up in her arms and cuddling him tight, "your thanks are the sweetest present I have had this Christmas day."

Tinty and the Law

ONCE upon a time Toodles found Tinty hiding in the clothes basket under the laundry table.

"Is that you?" bowwowed a sorry little voice as one ear showed over the edge of the basket.

"Why don't you come out and show yourself?" asked the big dog.

"I don't dare to come," whined the sad little voice through the cracks in the straw.

"Tinty," asked Toodles in a sharp bowwow, "have you taken a bite out of the cook's roast chickens?"

"No," whimpered the little puppy; "I only wish I had; this was a tough bite—it was."

"What kind of meat have you been stealing?"

"It wasn't meat, except way inside where I couldn't reach it; I didn't get anything but rubber and it almost pulled my teeth out—it did."

"Why did you try to get your teeth through a piece of nasty-tasting rubber?" snapped Toodles.

"Because that was the only way to get the bad man on the inside," explained Tinty in one long whimper.

"Did you really bite him?" asked the big dog, hiding an anxious face from the little puppy.

"I tried," answered Tinty, feeling very much ashamed.

"Why did you do it?" snapped Toodles, listening very carefully as if some one were coming.

"Because the naughty man came over the fence and dropped to the ground without so much as saying 'Nice dog' or holding out a paw. I tried to bark him away and

he kicked me, he did," whimpered Tinty. "Then I put my teeth into him."

"What did the man say after you had bitten him?" asked Toodles.

"I don't know all the words he said," answered Tinty, who was an innocent little puppy.

"An old dog like me can imagine," said Toodles. "See if you can't remember something he said?"

"I remember one thing:" answered the little puppy, wrinkling his forehead, "he said: 'Rubber boots come high; you'll pay for this.' His boots *were* most as high as the fence," added Tinty. "Then he tried to kick me, but I ran away, I did. Then he ran away and called out: 'You'll pay for this, you will.'"

Toodles listened with drooping ears.

"How can a dog pay for things when he hasn't any pockets to keep money in like a monkey?" asked Tinty, wonderingly.

"Don't talk any more about it just now; come with me," answered Toodles, trotting slowly out of the house. "We might as well be out if anybody calls for you this afternoon," he said, with an eye on the little dog.

Toodles led Tinty sadly around to the court house, where the giant mastiff sat calmly on the high stone steps, giving his paw to the judge and jury and prisoners alike.

Justice rose slowly on all four feet and stood looking down upon them.

Tinty hid behind Toodles while the big dog told the whole story with bowwows that ended in howls: "You can tell us about the law of man. What will they do to my poor little puppy?"

"So that tiny creature has bitten a great man with rubber boots on him as thick as rhinoceros hide?" declared Justice.

Tinty could only bow his bent head lower to the ground.

"Did you know that dogs who bite folks have to be killed?" asked Justice.

"Why?" trembled Tinty, falling with his face upon the stone flags.

"Because the law says so," explained Justice in a stern voice.

"What is the law?" asked Tinty, with a look in his eyes which showed how little a puppy can know of the big world in which he finds himself.

"The law is the power that says, 'An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth,' and a life for a bite if you're a dog," answered Justice, who even now was cocking his ears to listen to the distant hum in the court room.

"Why didn't the law come out of the court house where it keeps itself shut up and tell me how to be a good little puppy before I was a bad little puppy?" howled Tinty in a voice that made Toodles hide from the eyes of the great mastiff.

"That isn't the law's business," answered Justice. "The law has enough to do catching folks who have broken it."

"I wish I had bitten the arm of the law," growled Tinty, raising his bowed head and squaring his drooping jaw.

"What made a little creature like you try to bite a big man?" asked Justice.

"He came over my fence without giving a paw or saying anything. He kicked me, too."

Justice wagged his tail and looked kindly down on the little puppy before him.

"The law can not touch you if you bit him on your own grounds after he had climbed over your fence. From what I have learned about this place you need have no fear of any man."

Toodles and Tinty thanked Justice and trotted down the street.

"The law couldn't touch me, it couldn't," bowwowed Tinty in a firm voice.

"You can be a very bad little dog and still keep on the safe side of the law," mourned Toodles in a deep voice.

"Oh, Oh, Oh!" said Tinty, "what is a little dog like me to do with all these great big laws?"

"I tell you what it is, Tinty," said Toodles, with the sweetest look on his dear old face. "There is one law greater than all the laws of mankind—a dog can't go wrong if he keeps in it."

"It must be too big for a little puppy to keep," said Tinty, looking anxiously up at Toodles.

"No, it isn't," answered Toodles affectionately—"because the greatest of all laws is the law of kindness. No matter how many kicks you see coming to you, hold in your bite and hold out a friendly paw."

Toodles and Tinty and Scrapper

ONCE upon a time Toodles and Tinty were looking out of the window, pressing their cold noses flatly against the glass. They rested their hind paws on the arm of the velvet chair and leaned their forepaws on the wide window sill.

Toodles growled way down deep in his throat as a big bull dog strutted by, taking up the whole sidewalk.

The little dog dropped out of sight below on the velvet chair and hid his face against the embroidered tidy, but Toodles proudly raised his head, lengthened his strong body, growled somewhere deep inside, and glowered at the big dog until he passed from sight. Then Toodles jumped down and tore up into another chair to eye him out of sight from another window.

"Who is that terrible beast?" whimpered Tinty, still hiding in the same chair.

"They call him 'Scrapper,' replied Toodles, skinning his teeth at the very thought of his enemy. "It wouldn't be a square fight if I had to meet him, because I'm not in his class by five pounds."

"Can't you keep out of his wicked way?" asked Tinty with a very long look on his round face.

"I've pretended not to see him (when he growled at me a great many times), but I fear the time has come when he will make me fight him."

"He could chew you all up," whimpered Tinty. "And then what would I do for some one to play with? The fam-



"THEY CALL HIM 'SCRAPPER.' "

ily are all right, of course, but they aren't my kind—that's all."

"There's just one hope," said Toodles, trying to look cheerful for Tinty's sake.

"What is it?" asked Tinty, wagging his tail just a little way.

"That thing around his neck is no fighting collar. If I could get a grip on his throat in the first round there would

be a fighting chance for me. I can bury my teeth in his windpipe and hold on until he chokes."

"Oh, Oh, Oh!" whimpered Tinty right out loud. "I'm so afraid of fights; why can't you always stay in the back yard and be safe and happy?"

"A dog who won't come out and face his enemies isn't half a dog," answered the big dog, squaring his jaw.

The two dogs trotted happily down the street after Miss Polly, who was going to the postoffice.

"Toodles," barked Tinty sharply, as he sniffed timidly on ahead, "that dreadful Scrapper is just around the corner. Run before he smells you!"

Toodles answered never so much as a bowwow, and trotted bravely around the corner without so much as looking to the left or right, but the wag went out of his stumpy tail.

Scrapper straightened his tail, lowered his head, snarled angrily and sprang on Toodles the moment he caught sight of him.

The big dog got Toodles by the ear just as Toodles buried his teeth in the tender skin under Scrapper's thick bull neck.

"Yip, yip, yip!" yelped Scrapper, trying to shake Toodles off and rolling over with snapping jaws that closed on his ear and face.

"Yip, yip, yip!" yelped Toodles, as he rolled over and over with teeth still buried deep in his enemy's throat. "I won't let go of that Scrapper until he kills me," thought Toodles bravely to himself. "This is a regular death grip."

"Oh, dear, Oh, dear," whimpered Tinty as the two big

dogs rolled over and over, snarling and growling and yelping frantically and drawing blood at every move. "My poor dear Toodles will be killed; I know he will. I wonder if it wouldn't help some if I bit that mean old Scrapper's tail? They say my teeth are sharp as needles."

Tinty trotted timidly up to the struggling pair and looked fearfully down at Scrapper's great body as they rolled over and over until Toodles got Scrapper down on his back. Then the little puppy put two shaking paws forward and tremblingly buried his sharp white teeth in the fallen Scrapper's tail.

"Hang on, Toodles," bowwowed Tinty over the body of their enemy. "I'm onto *my* end of the game."

"I will," growled Toodles between closed jaws, "I'll choke the life out of him if he doesn't chew the face off of me first."

The little dog put in a harder bite—one that Scrapper knew he was getting all right. "He's keeping pretty still now," barked Tinty, wagging his tail just a little bit. "I wonder if he is beginning to choke yet?"

A shout went up from the crowd who had gathered round to watch the fight. Tinty jumped wildly on the edge of the group, for the mighty Scrapper slowly let go his hold on Toodles and fell backward on the sidewalk like a dead dog. Still Toodles held on for grim death.

"Why are they pouring all that cold water over my Toodles?" whimpered Tinty as he stood in the way of the policeman with a pail of water. Still Toodles didn't let go.

Then the man twisted a stick under his heavy collar, and tightened it until Toodles strangled for breath. Then he loosened his jaws, struggled for breath, growled over the

fallen Scrapper and trotted proudly through the crowd to Miss Polly, who stood in the corner with her face hidden in a handkerchief.

"Hurrray, hurrray, hurrray!" cried the crowd, looking at proud Toodles.

"Three cheers for the pup that bit his tail!" cried a newsboy, swinging his hat in the air.

"Hurrray, hurrray, HURRAY!!!!" cried the crowd wildly.

"Did I help any?" asked Tinty, getting as close to Toodles as he could and looking proudly at the bleeding wounds.

"Indeed you did. You're a brave little puppy," answered Toodles.

Tinty wagged his tail. "It was great, Toodles," he said, "but your good looks are gone. I wish we had both stayed safely at home in the back yard."

"Tinty," answered Toodles, moving himself very stiffly as he watched Scrapper slink out of sight, "a scarred-up hero is better than a pretty-faced cur any day."

Toodles and Tinty and Hinkey Dinkey

ONCE upon a time Toodles and Tinty trotted down the street together to call on their friend, Hinkey Dinkey, who hadn't run in to see them for the past twenty-four hours.

"I hope he hasn't been hurt in a fight or run over by an automobile or been taken down with distemper," bowwowed Toodles anxiously, as he looked up at the curtainless windows where Hinkey Dinkey had always lived with his family.

"Bowwow wow," called the big dog.

"Bowwow," duetted Tinty, looking up, too.

"I do hope he hasn't gone to The Happy Hunting Grounds," howled Toodles, lifting his voice high in air.

"Where's that?" asked the little dog, raising his voice higher in air.

"Nobody knows," answered Toodles. "It's just a place they say a dog goes when he never comes back to tell anything about it."

"Oh, Oh, Oh!" said Tinty, wonderingly.

"Maybe we can get onto Hink's scent," said Toodles, nosing along the sidewalk and down the street. Tinty put his snub nose all over the sidewalk, too.

"Bowwow!" barked the big dog sharply. "I've got him."

Tinty followed Toodles under the steps of the last house down the street and gave a joyous little bark.

But Hinkey Dinkey didn't even wag his tail; he just lay crouched on the ground in the farthest corner and looked

at his two friends with the most lonesome eyes in all the world.

"My family have left town and me," whimpered Hink, who had lost his puppy teeth before Toodles had so much as opened his eyes.

"It's too bad," said Toodles, "but maybe you wouldn't feel so unhappy if you came out in the sunshine and chased cats or did something to have a good time."

"I don't dare to go out," answered Hinkey Dinkey, with a frightened look through the slats. "The dog man is after me, because my license to live isn't paid."

Hinkey Dinkey howled dismally, while Toodles and Tinty stood over him and licked him as tenderly as they knew how.

Tinty could only whimper and howl way up in "G," but Toodles barked up as cheerfully as he knew how and talked very sensibly.

"Cheer up, old dog, you aren't dead yet," he said. "A dog who has as many friends as you have ought to have plenty of them on hand when it comes to a talk of your dying."

The newsboys of the town were gathered in a group around the postoffice when the dog man went up the street with a long rope.

"Where's that big dog they call 'Hink'?" he asked in a loud voice, looking at the boys.

"You can't have him; he's our dog!" cried the leader of the gang. "Who wants him?"

"The town wants him," answered the man in a gruff voice. "His license hasn't been paid."

"He can't have our dog," cried the boys in one voice,

throwing down their papers and breaking loose as they ran up the street yelling "Hink, Hink, Hink!"

"Pass the word to the fellows, I've found him," whispered the leader of the gang, who had looked under the doorstep to find the missing Hink, lying with his face upon the earth.

"Get up, Hink!" barked Toodles very softly way back in his throat. "Your friends are coming forward."

Toodles poked his nose through the lattice work and barked joyously: "Here's the Chinaman from the laundry where you used to bark away the bad boys. Here's the colored cook from the restaurant where you used to chase cats out of the garbage can. Here's the old lady who lives in the house you used to watch whenever she asked you to come in."

Hinke Dinkey raised his ears as he heard the voices of the crowd closing in around the man with the rope.

"He's our dog; you can't have him. No, sir!" cried the boys over and over again with scowling faces.

"Velly good dogee; sleepe my launlee," said the Chinaman flourishing his hot flat in air.

"I'se gwine to give him all the scraps from dish yeah place," said the colored cook, twirling an iron spoon.

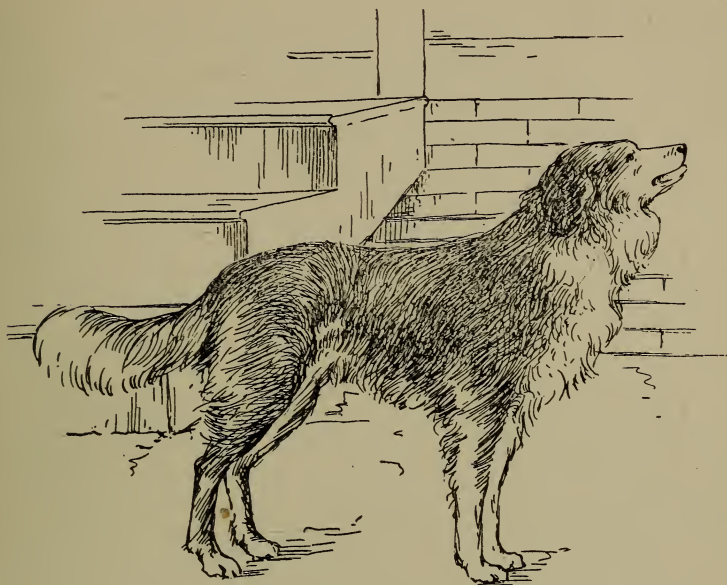
"I'll gladly pay for his collars and have the veterinary to call on him if he's sick," said the old lady, holding up a sharp pair of steel knitting needles.

"They're putting their hands into their pockets and dropping something that rattles into a hat," said Tinty, who was looking out through a hole in the lattice work.

Toodles jumped round and round for very joy. "It's a

collection to pay your license," he barked in Hink's drooping ear.

"We've got it. Hurray! Hurray! Hurray!" cried the



HINKEY DINKEY

crowd as the dog man put the long thick rope into his pocket and went whistling down the street.

"Hink, Hink, Hink,

You'll get him

Don't you think!"

shouted the boys at the top of their lungs.

Hinkey Dinkey slowly crawled out and wagged his tail at the friends who had come forward to save his life.

"Hurray! Hurray! Hurray!" cried the newsboys taking

Hink on their shoulders and carrying him in a triumphal procession through the main street, shouting all the while:

"Hink, Hink, Hink!

You'll get him

Don't you think!"

Toodles proudly followed on the heels of the newsboys and Tinty followed on the heels of Toodles. Everybody, even the leading business men, looked up as they passed by.

"Wasn't Hinkey Dinkey a lucky dog at last?" asked Tinty, trying to catch up with Toodles.

"You see there is nothing like having friends when you are in trouble," answered Toodles, giving three barks for Hinkey Dinkey, the newsboys' dog.

Toodles and Tinty and Blue Boy

ONCE upon a time Tinty hid in a corner of the garden all by his little self. A pussy cat walked on the fence beside him, a bird sang in the tree above him, and a bee hummed around him, but Tinty didn't care enough to raise his head.

"What is the matter?" asked Toodles, with an affectionate bowwow.

"Nothing," answered Tinty in a voice which meant a big "something."

"Have you been spanked?" asked Toodles.

"Not for most a week," answered Tinty proudly.

"Let me feel if your nose is cold," said Toodles anxiously, smelling the little turned-up pug. "Are you sure you haven't swallowed a tooth?"

"No," whined Tinty. "They are all in; see if they aren't?"

Tinty opened his mouth with a long wide gape.

"Have you a pain in your little tummy?" asked Toodles, throwing the little puppy on the ground and gently rolling him over and over.

"It's worse than my stomach; it's my feelings," whimpered Tinty. Then he yapped right out loud.

"Poor Tinty, come out here and roll in the sun and tell me all about it," comforted Toodles. "It's a stupid dog who doesn't know that one's feelings can hurt worse than all one's insides put together."

The big dog waited patiently.

"It's about blue ribbons," whimpered Tinty, not looking straight at Toodles.

"Why are you worried about blue ribbons? You don't own one."

"That's just the trouble," owned Tinty. "I haven't got one."

"What fool dog has been talking to you about blue ribbons?" asked Toodles in a sharp bowwow.



"IT'S ABOUT BLUE RIBBONS" WHIMPERED TINTY

"BBBBBBBBBlue BBB Boy," whimpered Tinty.

"Has he a blue ribbon?" asked Toodles. "Well, he needs it. Of all the know-nothing dogs I think he is about the worst. I wouldn't change a good fighting collar for any old blue ribbon to hang up in the house."

"Of course, he can't wear it," said Tinty.

"Then what good does it do him?" snapped Toodles.

"It shows that he's some dog and has a 'pedigree.' He

says you can't buy one anywhere unless you are born with it. Was I born with a pedigree, Toodles?"

Tinty raised the saddest pair of eyes to Toodles' face that Toodles had ever seen in Tinty's head.

"I don't know," answered the big dog, trying to be as truthful as he knew how to be. "But there's one thing certain, you had a mother and you're a live dog. What more do you want?"

"I need grand sires and grand dames to get me into the dog show. Blue Boy says you can't so much as get inside the show unless all your family are high bred all the way back. There's no 'class' to you!"

"So you are crying to get into the dog show?" said Toodles slowly. "Why do you care so much about it? It's very tiresome to have to sit upon a bench for three days and look at folks when you're longing to be out chasing cats and digging in your bone yard and finding out what's doing around the town. Besides all this, you would have to live on a diet and keep yourself just so fat or just so thin and have baths and brushings enough to make you wish you were a common street dog."

"I didn't know; I thought it was all fun," barked Tinty cheerfully, wagging his tail a tiny bit.

"Indeed it isn't," Toodles went on; "I had a friend who had traveled all over the country to be in shows. He led a dog's life of it, he did, with the training he had to go through. He said that the dog on the outside always envies the dog on the inside, because he has never had a chance to find out how happy a life of freedom really is."

"I never thought about that before," said Tinty, giving

his tail a real wag for the first time since he had seen Blue Boy on the avenue.

"It's dog nature to want what a dog can't have," said Toodles, "but you must remember that there are very few dogs in this world who have a chance to come before the judge's bench. "The Lord must like common dogs, or else there wouldn't be so many mongrels in the world."

"But I do wish I could be a blue ribbon dog," said Tinty enviously.

"Forget it," snapped Toodles a bit impatiently. "Try to be a Dog Dog—it doesn't matter about your pedigree, but it does matter about you—how much real Dog there is in you."

"I suppose I am a 'dog,' " agreed the little dog, wagging his tail almost cheerfully.

"Indeed, you are a Dog with a capital 'D'!" answered Toodles, with a fatherly air. "It's in you, puppy of mine, to grow into so much of a Dog that Blue Boy will have to see it for himself."

"I'll try to," answered Tinty, spreading his forepaws and raising his head proudly.

"Good Tinty!" said Toodles. "The next time you meet a prize pup just throw out your chest and tell him you're a real Dog Dog."

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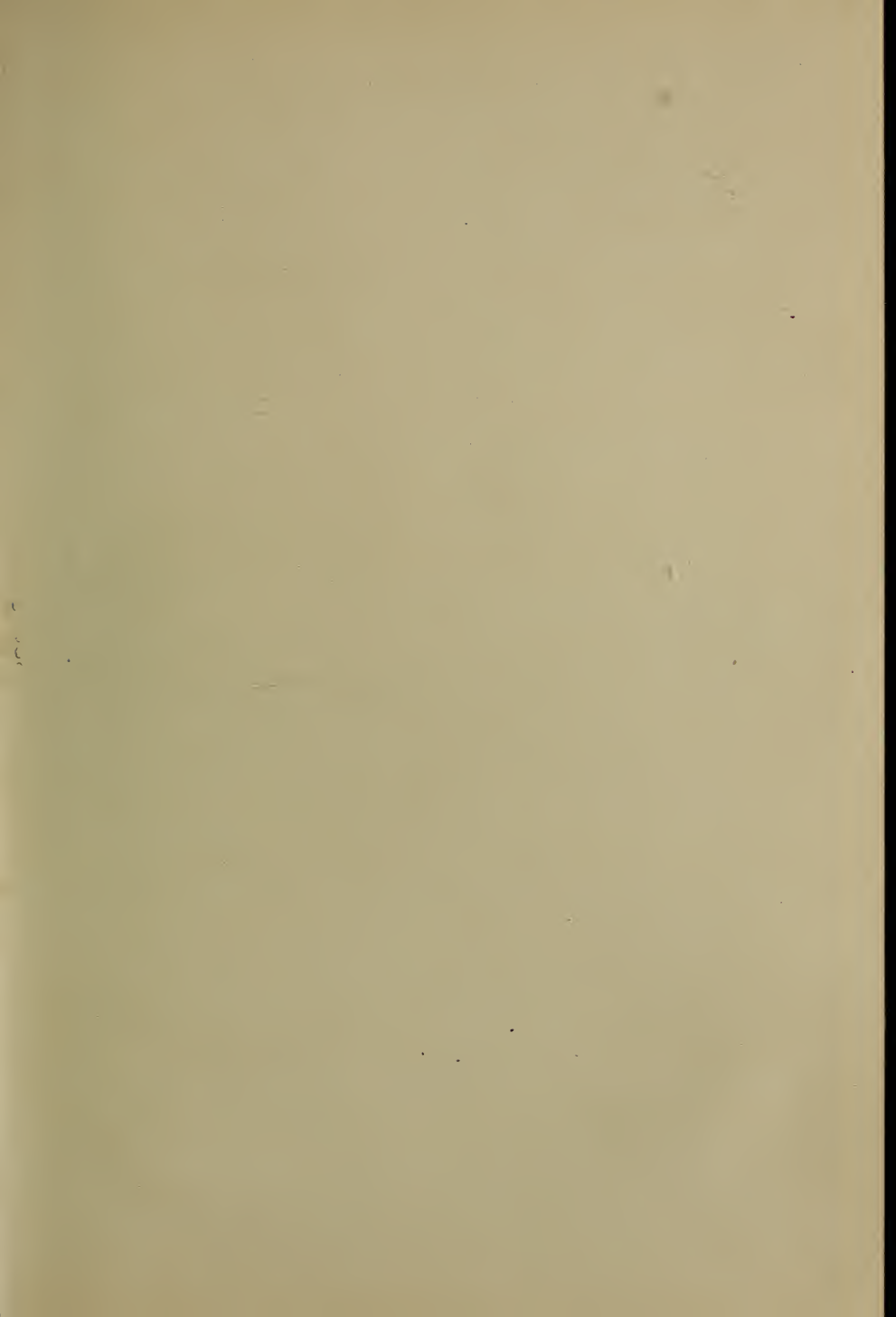
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